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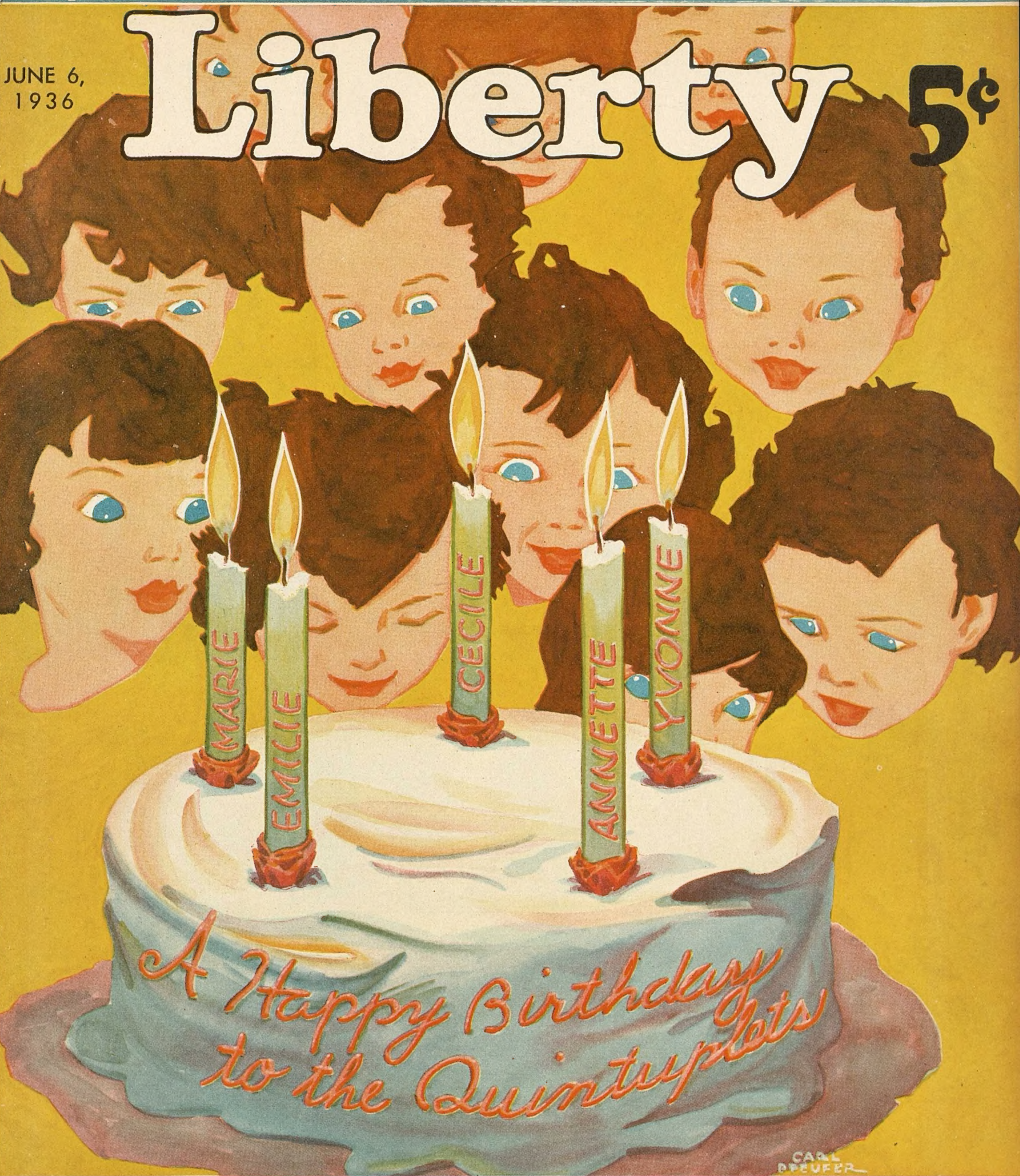
AT TWO!

RICHES ARE GROWING

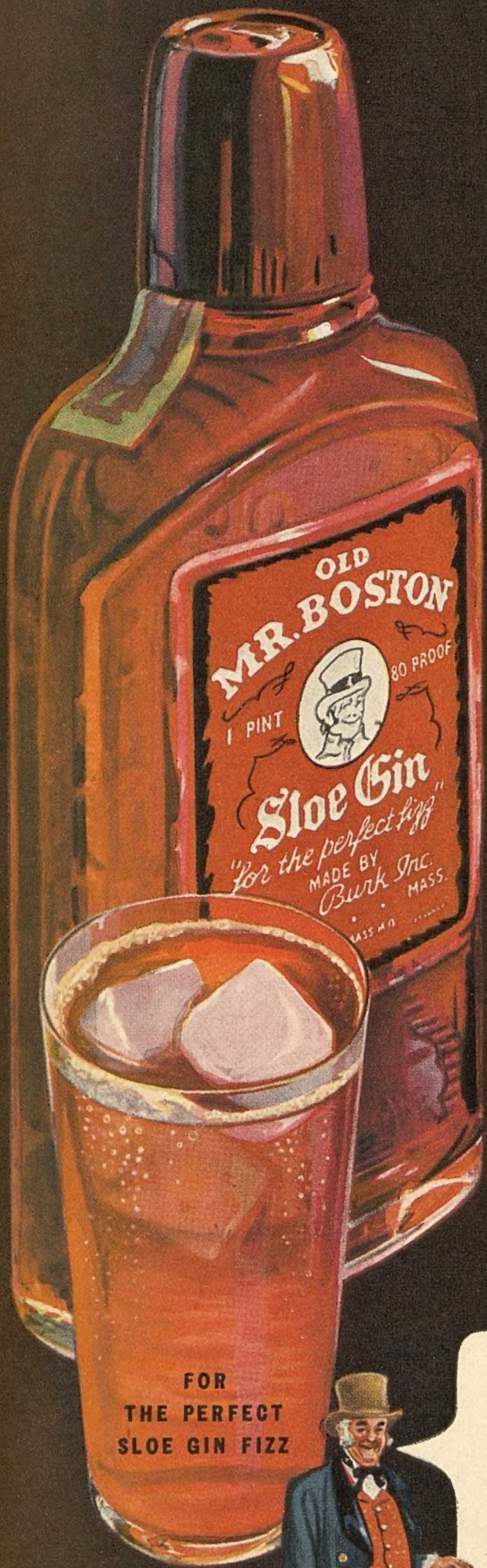
JUNE 6,
1936

Liberty

5¢



**What Landon Would Do If President
Dirt for Dough's Sake, by George M. Cohan
Death Takes the Wheel at Indianapolis**



FOR
THE PERFECT
SLOE GIN FIZZ



YOU CAN
DRINK IT
STRAIGHT



A TINGLING
COOLING ORANGE
GIN TOM COLLINS

I think most every reader of LIBERTY has enjoyed my famous Dry Gin — America's smoothest (contains 100% grain neutral spirits).

Now I urge you to try my Sloe Gin — a wine-like, tangy taste — not sweet, not tart.

Also my ORANGE GIN, a liqueur with the taste of golden sun-ripened oranges — America's taste sensation.

OLD MR. BOSTON

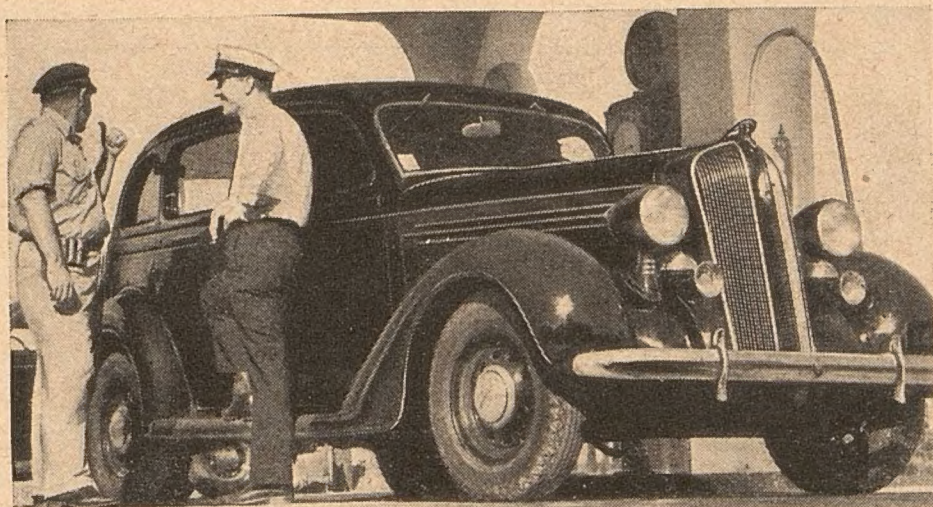
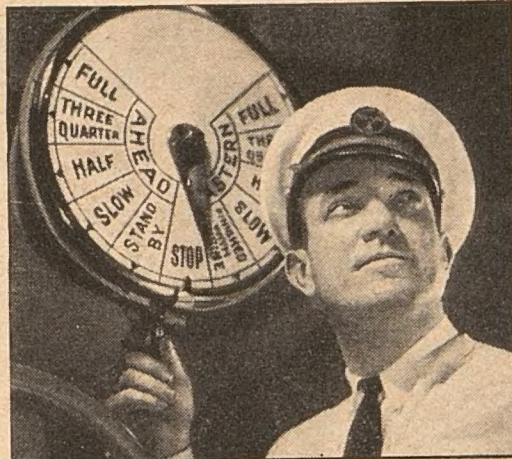
SLOE GIN • DRY GIN • ORANGE GIN

"I Compared 'All Three' and Plymouth won Hands Down

THAT SWELL ENGINE, AND THE WAY SHE'S BUILT, LOOKED MIGHTY GOOD TO ME"



CHIEF ENGINEER BEATTIE, Miami. At sea he bosses the engine room...ashore drives a beautiful, new Plymouth.



(Above) "PLYMOUTH HAS THE LOOKS and style I want...is biggest, most comfortable of 'All Three.'"

(Top, Center) "THE VIBRATIONLESS SMOOTHNESS of Floating Power engine mountings helped sell me."

(Left) "AND WHAT A MONEY-SAVER! I get 20 miles per gallon... use very little oil."

TWENTY-TWO YEARS in ships' engine rooms...twelve years a chief engineer...Walter Beattie knows fine engine performance.

He says, "Of 'All Three' I picked Plymouth. It's the best engineered, has the sweetest-running engine.

"And I wanted Hydraulic brakes and a Safety-Steel body." Of "All Three" leading low-priced cars only Plymouth has both!

"So, when I found they all cost about the same...that settled it.

"I get 20 miles to a gallon of gas...use practically no oil. And you couldn't ask for a better-riding, easier-handling car."

"Look at All Three" leading low-priced cars...you'll find out the same things Chief Engineer Beattie did. Don't buy until you've driven this new Plymouth. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or DeSoto dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

EASY TO BUY

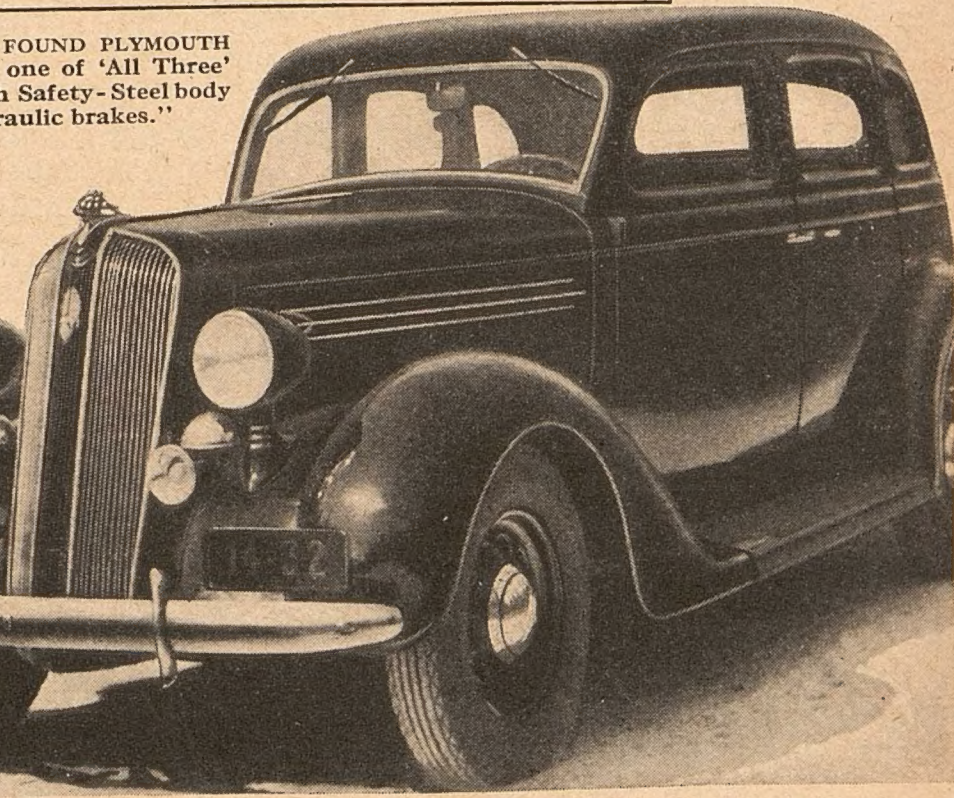
Plymouth is priced with the lowest...terms as low as \$25 a month.

\$510

And Up, List at Factory, Detroit Special Equipment Extra



(Left) "I FOUND PLYMOUTH the only one of 'All Three' with both Safety-Steel body and Hydraulic brakes."



• TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE AND ALL-STAR CAST, TUESDAY NIGHTS, N.B.C. RED NETWORK

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

HAVE YOU GOT YOURS YET?

THE New Deal is a munificent provider—for those who are favored. With billions at the command of our spend-thrift officials, they must indeed find their fantastic program loaded with knotty problems.

It is said that we have twelve hundred Socialistic professors engaged in the difficult task of directing our government. They are diligently at work trying to invent something that will take the place of hard work. Their idea is that the way to achieve success and power is to destroy and spend. Doubtless they would like to strike the word "thrift" from our language.

When history records the story of the economic crimes committed by these experimenters, it will stagger the nation. Enormous sums have been paid to farmers for not raising hogs, for not raising corn, and for not raising wheat. It has been revealed in the partial investigation conducted that one wealthy farmer got the enormous sum of \$219,825 for not raising hogs! A fortune, out of your pocket and mine, for doing nothing.

Another rich farmer was paid \$168,000 for not raising hogs. A rich Southern cotton planter was also paid \$168,000—for not planting cotton. A farmer in Kansas got \$78,638 for leaving his land idle. Records show that three farmers got \$466,463 for doing nothing.

Does the government expect to balance the budget by such fantastic procedure as this?

And that, naturally, induces us to inquire if the reader has got his share.

If the government can pay a farmer for not raising hogs, for not planting wheat or corn or potatoes—why not pay you for not selling something or other? If your grocer had a large demand for some article of merchandise and refused to sell it, his competitors might be able to get a higher price and thereby add to their profits.

Why couldn't hard-working wives be



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

paid for not working? That would give more work for servants. Or a doctor be paid for discontinuing his practice? The dry-goods merchant for closing his store on certain days? Or an errand boy for refusing to work?

Something for nothing seems to be the order of the day in official Washington, and such a procedure can be carried on indefinitely.

The governmental farce that is being planned by the Communistic fanatics in their endeavor to fasten Sovietism upon this country would indeed be laughable if it did not bring with it such tragic consequences.

While economy is the watchword everywhere, exactly the reverse policy seems to be guiding our fantastic dreamers who are in charge of the New Deal. The huge indebtedness that is being incurred because of this wild spending will throttle the nation with taxes.

In the first part of this century our indebtedness was one and a quarter billion. In 1916 it was still one billion and a quarter. At the peak of the World War our national indebtedness was twenty-five and a half billion.

At present it is more than thirty-one billion—which means from three to four hundred dollars for every citizen in the United States, or eight hundred or a thousand dollars for each home. And not a voter has been consulted by Washington officials in piling up the death-dealing taxes that will be incurred by this colossal indebtedness.

This generation is mortgaging our babes in arms, our children, and our children's children, all due to the unbusinesslike management of an improvident government.



Bernarr Macfadden

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The Peace Racket

A Challenge to Visionaries and Worse:
Leave It to the Men Who Stopped Our
Last War to Keep Us Out of Another

says MAJOR GENERAL
SMEDLEY D. BUTLER

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

HAVING devoted most of my life to the study of legalized murder—meaning war—I cannot follow those idealists who are innocent enough to believe that world peace is merely a question of joining the World Court, the League of Nations, or some other international association for the promotion of brotherly love.

War is a racket. But the cause of peace is becoming another racket. There are a hundred or more peace societies operating in America, most of them with headquarters in Washington, D. C., and probably several hundred minor groups. Every one of these organizations must have money with which to function—money for salaries, for printing, for office rents, for lecturers' fees and expenses.

Where are they getting all this money, running into millions? We gullible Americans are digging down in our pockets. We are buying memberships on national committees; we are flattered when our names are listed with those of distinguished philanthropists and world-peace advocates. Every penny that is being spent is coming from the pockets of the American people.

I don't mean that all these societies are promoted by profit-seekers. Some are headed by sincere but misguided enthusiasts. But in most instances the peace racket of today is purely commercial, and if the professional pacifists-for-profit used the same tactics in nearly any other field, they could be convicted of fraud.

I am not saying that world peace is an empty dream; that just because we have always had wars, we must always have them in the future. I used to think that way. But since my retirement I have spent the past few years meeting and mingling with people all over the country. I have a new conception of the American mind, and today I am convinced that we can look forward with some hope to eventual world peace. It may not arrive for fifty or a hundred years; but meanwhile we can increase the intervals between wars.

However, there is only one element in American citizenship that can keep us from having another war, at least for some time to come. That element is composed of the men who stopped the last war—the *real* overseas veterans, who really know what the hell of war is all about.

The revelations of the Nye Committee have demonstrated that the provoking of wars for profit is an established profession, whose practitioners are politically shrewd and commercially smart. They use practical methods. Well, if that is how people start wars, then that's how we will have to stop them—by being practical, hard-headed, and politically intelligent.

The real overseas veterans are held together by a bond of comradeship that can never be dissolved by religious or political differences. It makes possible a nationwide organization that can really do something practical toward peace. Since the World War, the average overseas veteran has acquired hard knocks and common sense. He is thoroughly disillusioned about the glories of war. He knows now that he was merely a pawn in a game that was being played by others, that all his patriotic emotions were artificially stimulated, that most of those who patted him on the back and told him to "give the Kaiser hell for me!" never really cared a tinker's damn whether he



"Where are they getting all this money?" demands 'Old Gimlet-Eye' Butler. "If pacifists-for-profit used the same tactics in other fields, they could be convicted of fraud!"

came back or how well he might fare if he should. Sad experience has made him practical.

That's why these veterans have reached the conclusion that the only way to stop war is to take the profits out of war. Witness the growing demand among them for a universal draft policy. In time of war they want to see the workers in a factory paid proportionately as a doughboy in uniform is paid. They would let every foreman have the equivalent of a corporal's pay, every superintendent that of a lieutenant's pay, and so on up. As to wealth and properties, the government should have the same right to take over a building or a manufacturing plant as it has to draft a human being. As a direct result of this plan being promoted by veterans, I am predicting that legislation of this character will soon be approved by Congress.

But these veterans further demand that the constant menace to peace be destroyed before it becomes too late. They ask *immediate* control of all munitions plants. They would stop the sale of arms and munitions in peacetime to nations that may later declare war upon the United States and use the selfsame guns and munitions to annihilate armies of American young men.

And more than one million veterans are today affiliated with the five major veteran groups. Before long the great majority of America's approximately four and one half million ex-service men will be banded together.

Peace will be assured when we make it impossible for any one to profit through the promotion of wars. That we can do only when Congress passes the necessary legislation. Congress will never pass it until the individual Congressmen are told that they have to vote for it or lose their places on the government pay roll.

When our peace advocates eventually realize the logic of all this, they will throw absurd ideas overboard and turn to the men who brought our last war to a close to keep us from becoming involved in the next war.

And the resulting movement is certain to become international. The veterans of France, England, and Germany too will be impelled to demand national control of munitions plants in their respective countries. And when that is accomplished, the peoples of the world will be far closer to universal peace.

THE END

MY *Fair* LADY

Of Salesmanship and Salads, and the Way of a Maid
with a Man—A Whimsical Love Story, Full of Charm

by EDWARD L. MCKENNA

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

I GUESS I must have started going around with Louella Ramsey when she was about five or six and I was either six or seven. They lived right down the street from us; still do. The way I think of her is as a chubby big-eyed little brat who was always saying, "I dare you! I dare you!" I recall jumping off a chicken coop and getting my leg all scratched up, and lying to my mother about it afterward. But my mother just listened to me, and put iodine and mercurochrome on it. My mother always liked Louella anyhow, and Louella used to be around our house a good deal after her own mother died. That was when she was twelve. She didn't have any brothers and sisters. Neither did I.

Louella was always little and chunky. She was built close to the ground. She had thick brown hair, which of course she has bobbed since, and two of the biggest, roundest eyes you ever saw. I was so used to seeing her, I do not think I ever considered whether she was pretty or not.

Right from the start, my father had a nutty idea he wanted me to go to Yale. He didn't go to Yale himself; he went to Central High, and played guard for three years. Pop didn't have a dime in those days, and I guess he'd have given his eyeteeth to go to Yale.

So, when I was fourteen, I went East to school. Sending me away to school at all was sort of foolish, I figure. I am no student, as can easily be seen. Pop was no student, either. He's one of the five leading insurance brokers in the State of Iowa, and the easiest, softest fellow in the world, into the bargain. I used to wonder how he ever got along so well in business. Now I don't. He weighs two thirty. I am a shrimp alongside of him.

My roomy at prep had a father used to play on the same team with Truxton Hare. All I heard was Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania, all the time. Finally, he sold me the idea, and I made up my mind to tackle Pop about it. I remember lying awake nights thinking about the best way to put the proposition up to him.

When I did get around to it, all nervous and keyed up, he just sat there smoking a cigar and nodding his head, not looking at me. "We'll think it over. We'll think it over," he said. The next night, after supper, he called me out on the porch. "Now, Joe, you tell me again why you want to go to Pennsylvania," he said.

Well, I got started, and after a couple of minutes he stopped me. "Now, look here," he said. "Take it a little



"Listen," I said. "Would you give me a moment of your time?"
She turned and I grabbed her.

more easy. You've got to believe in your product—that goes without saying—but you don't want to be too breathless about it. Wouldn't have a salesman couldn't sell himself. Buyer's got to believe in him. You're going to be all right. You're going to be a dandy."

I said, "I don't know, Pop. I'm not very smart in school, and all like that."

"You're plenty smart. You don't kill yourself, that's all. I want you to finish school, whatever happens. Now about this Pennsylvania business."

He let me talk for a while.

"Another important thing is to know how to close, Joe," Pop said. "People make more mistakes, trying to close a sale. That's—that's really an art, to know when you've said your piece. What do you think, now? You think you've closed this one?"

I just looked at him. I couldn't say anything.

"Sure you closed it. Closed it last night. I have been thinking it over, anyway, and I stopped in at the public library this morning, took a look at their catalogue. Sounds O. K. to me. They seem to have a lot of stuff that



is right up our alley—salesmanship, and business law, and everything. Well. You going out among 'em tonight?"

"I thought I might stop by and take Louella to the movies, if she's home," I said.

"Sure. Good idea. Doc Ramsey's one of the finest men in this town. Collect half what people owe him, he'd be rich. Well. Be seeing you, then. Another thing. I wish you wouldn't take that new blue tie of mine. I would like to wear it myself a couple of times first. All right, all right, sure thing. Shut up! You better get going."

That was my old man. You couldn't say thank you to him for anything. He wanted me to go to Yale, and he'd have let me go to the north pole.

I'm glad I did go to Penn, at that. I don't think I'm the Yale type. To begin

with, I could never have made the Yale football team, and I never made the Pennsylvania team, either—I was too light, for one thing. And I think if I'd gone to Yale and not made the team, Pop's heart would have been broken, whereas Pennsylvania was only another college to him.

I didn't write to Louella very often, because, for one thing, it was not necessary. She was around my house quite a lot, and my mother would tell her all the news, and there wasn't much. Besides, I was pretty busy.

Naturally, I had a few girls I was traveling around with by this time. You see, I'd made a pretty good club, principally on account of my old roomy, who played in the backfield

and was a big shot on the campus and all like that. Well, you know how these things are. I was just a big long-geared guy from the wilds, and still I wasn't a cripple or anything.

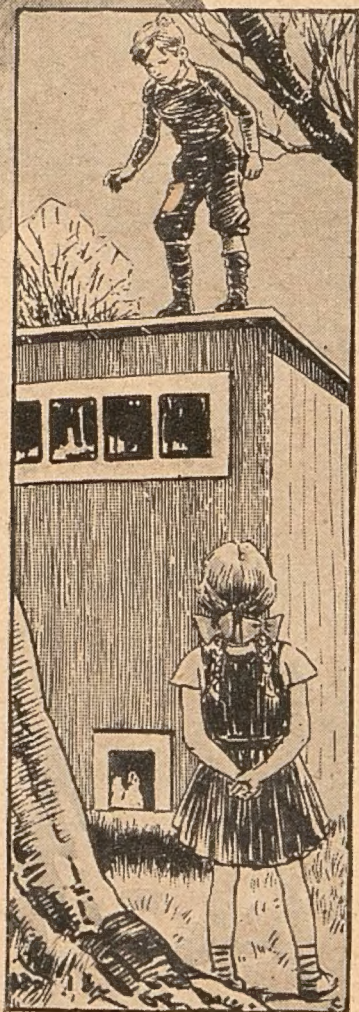
My principal girl was Sue Ferris. She was a little older than I was; she was twenty-four. Her brothers were all members of my fraternity, which was how I met her.

She was a big long-legged thing, almost as tall as I am, and was she smooth! That girl had everything. She played tournament tennis. She played squash against one of the English women's teams, and got a good trimming too, but the English girls were very good. She had a swell contralto voice, and was studying at the conservatory. In between times she rode and danced and went to parties.

I don't want you to get me wrong. I say Sue was my best girl. I was only one of about twenty-five or fifty men who were chasing after her. At least, it seemed like that many. If you took her to a dance, you were lucky if you'd get to dance a hundred yards with her all evening. She was absolutely swell—good-natured and kind, and full of pep, and beautiful. Everybody liked her. That girl was a sportsman all the way through.

I was nineteen the year I met her. When I went home that summer, I gave Louella a call, and she said no, she wasn't doing anything, and to come on over. So I did. She had fruit lemonade, and a lemon-meringue pie. I said, "You know, Louella, people our age in the East seem much older than they do out here. They grow up faster. They're more mature. A man from the East who's nineteen or twenty knows as much as our kids twenty-five."

"Uh-huh. Well, why wouldn't they? They travel more. They get to go places. They see good shows, and hear concerts



I started going with Louella when she was five and I was seven.

and symphony orchestras and everything. All we get is the movies and the radio. How's the pie?"

"O. K. Good."

"There is nothing much to lemon-meringue pie. The thing is to put in plenty of eggs. Then you have to be careful that the crust is almost ice-cold before you roll it. How are the girls in the East? Are they old for their age too?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, they are," I said.

"I suppose, then, by the time they're thirty they must be regular old hags. Or even twenty-five. Have some more lemonade, Joe. The thing about fruit lemonade is to get good fresh limes, the big green ones. Then, of course, you don't want to put in too much lime, or too much sugar."

"Might put a little gin in it. What I was saying about the girls in the East," I said. "They grow up faster, yes, but I don't mean they're too wise, or anything like that. Of course, a nice girl's life is more sheltered than a man's. A man nineteen or twenty is much older than a girl the same age or even older. I don't think a few years' difference in age is very important anyhow."

"Probably not," said Louella. "Could you eat another piece of pie? Then we better get along if we're going to catch the second show."

Next year, that was my junior year, I had plenty of grief. I was going out on a good many parties, and at mid-year's, I flunked a course. While I am no student, still, I usually manage to slide by somehow, and this sort of gets me down. Then I wasn't making much time with Sue. She seemed to be always busy—if she didn't have a date, she was riding out at Rosemont, or playing squash, or having a rehearsal, or taking a singing lesson, all like that. I had a two-o'clock every day, and I couldn't take her to lunch. That flunk had worried me, and I wasn't cutting any classes; furthermore, I was cracking the books a little now and then. All told, I was feeling pretty low about everything.

AFTER I got back home in June I gave Louella a call. She said she was awfully sorry, but she was running a cake sale for the Ladies' Aid, and would I come around the next night?

I said I had something very important I wanted to talk to her about. She didn't say anything for a minute. Then she said, "Listen. If I did what I wanted to, I'd send my regrets to the darned old Ladies' Aid and flop right into bed. I've baked four cakes—two chocolate, an orange, and a banana-cream. The orange is nothing wonderful. I—Joe, I told them I'd run this sale. You come over tomorrow afternoon. O. K.?"

"O. K.," I said.

"You're not mad, Joe?"

"No. It's O. K."

So I went over to Louella's house about two o'clock the next afternoon.

"Listen, Louella," I said. "I'm going to quit school. I'm going to work. I'm going to get a job, either in New York or in Phillie. In a bond house."

"Not in the insurance business?" she said.

"No. Most of my—most of the people I know are in the bond business or the brokerage business. Some of them are in banks, but that's too slow. I can't sell insurance anyway. I'm not twenty-one."

"Yes. I see. All right. I would. I would, too. If I—if I felt like that, that's what I'd do. I'd go get a job. I'd sell their old bonds, and I'd ride their old horses, and I wouldn't let any of those Philadelphia sissies beat my time. You go to it."

"They're not sissies," I said. After all, she was talking about some of my best friends.

"They're snobs anyhow. They think they're better than any one. They and their families! Much about them! Look here. My father is a doctor. My grandfather was a doctor. My great-grandfather was a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. I only wish my father had a few sons. Look at your own people. Look at your father, building up one of the finest agencies in this state out of nothing. He's not selling bonds. He's selling insurance. I know about insurance. I'm a doctor's daughter."

"Well, now, I tell you," I said. But she went right ahead, not paying any attention to me.

"Your father wanted you to go to Yale," she said. "You didn't go. He wants you to finish school. All right. You can't. He wants you to go in business with him out here, where you belong. But you want to go in the bond business with your friends. You want to know what's the matter with you, Joe Wilson? I'll tell you. I'll tell you. You flunked this course, that's what's the matter with you. They got you down now. They got you scared. You think you'll probably flunk out anyway."

"How's that?" I said.

"You heard me. Oh, you could pass it all right. You could pass anything. But no, you'd rather play soccer, or go to parties out on the Main Line, whatever that is. A wonder to me you don't get interested in those amateur shows, too, the way your friends do. Dancing around in girls' clothes. That'd take some more of your time."

"Say, now, I had about enough of this," I said. "You listen to me. I did pass that course, you know. Oh, yes, I did. I took a re-exam. And I passed everything else. I got no conditions. What do you think of that?"

"A pity you wouldn't," she said. "All I said still goes."

"Oh, it does, does it? You look here. If I do go back to school, don't think it's because I'm trying to show you. I don't give a damn what you think."

"Don't you curse me," said Louella.

"Excuse me. I'm sorry. But—but what you said about my father— All right. O. K. I'll go back. I'll finish up. And let me just give you a piece of friendly advice: The next friend you have, don't call him yellow. It's not done. I wish you good luck."

I got up to go, and she got up too.

"You go!" she said. "You can go to Africa, if you'll go back to school. Go on home. I've got chicken salad on the ice. Don't you care! I've got a strawberry pie. What of it? I had good fun making them. That'll do me. I try to make you give yourself a break. What do I get? Insults! Curses! Your mother will like it if you go away to live in New York or Phillie. Don't you mind her, either."

"Come on, sit down. You're getting yourself all excited," I said. "I never knew you had such a bad temper, Louella."

"Well, you sit down, then," she said. So we sat down.

"I've got the worst temper in the world," she said. "I can say the meanest, nastiest things. Don't be mad at me, Joe. You're not mad at me any more, are you?"

"O. K.," I said. "O. K. I got a very hot temper myself. I'm sorry if I said anything. Well, now. Let's get organized a little here. You go to the Ladies' Aid last night?"

"Sure. We did all right, too. Now, look. I got—I got a pan of pork and beans in the oven. You know how they are. I think I put in too much molasses. I'll have to fuss around with them a little. Take me a little while. Do you mind?"

"No, not a bit. Go ahead," I said.

WHATEVER she was doing to those pork and beans, it took her a good half-hour. When she came back, I sniffed. "What's that perfume you got on?" I said.

"It's eau de cologne, Joe," she said. "What did you think it was, imported *joie de vivre*? You're back in Iowa now. Want me to put some on your handkerchief?"

"I'll kill you some day," I said. "Wasn't there some talk about chicken salad a while ago?"

"Ooh, I'll get it. I'm starving," she said.

The chicken salad was rather remarkable. So was the strawberry pie.

"The thing about chicken salad," said Louella, "is not to slop the mayonnaise all over it. I always put a little green pepper in too, and some pimientito. The celery has to be crisp, or else it's practically ruined. I prefer beefsteak tomatoes to these, but I couldn't get any. Some people dust a little paprika over it; I don't think it adds much. A little chopped onion doesn't hurt any, but not everybody likes it."

"I like onions," I said.

"I put some in," said Louella. (Continued on page 10)

Look Mary!

PALMOLIVE IS GIVING AWAY

20 FREE TOURS OF EUROPE

(OR \$20,000 IN CASH)

AND 100,000
OTHER PRIZES



OH, JIM! HOW MARVELOUS! WINNERS
SAIL JULY 29 ON MAGNIFICENT NEW
"QUEEN MARY"...RETURN SEPTEMBER 4

THE TOUR
INCLUDES
LONDON, PARIS,
VENICE AND
TWELVE OTHER
EUROPEAN
CITIES!

ALL EXPENSES PAID, EVEN
RAILROAD FARE TO AND
FROM NEW YORK...AND \$300
POCKET-MONEY BESIDES!
OR, IF YOU DON'T WANT
THE TRIP, YOU CAN HAVE
\$1000 CASH INSTEAD!

SO EASY, TOO! ALL
YOU DO IS WRITE
A SHORT LETTER
STARTING: "I LIKE
PALMOLIVE SOAP
BECAUSE..."

YOU
PROBABLY
HAVE LOTS
OF REASONS
WHY YOU
LIKE
PALMOLIVE

I CERTAINLY HAVE! FIRST, BECAUSE IT'S
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL...AND BEAUTY
SPECIALISTS SAY THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE
KEEPS SKIN SO YOUNG! DUMAS OF THE
SAVOY-PLAZA
TOLD ME!



What Dumas,
famous New York beauty
specialist, told her about
Palmolive Soap!

"Because it is made with Olive
Oil, Palmolive has a special
protective quality all its own.
It protects your skin against
the loss of the natural 'youth-
giving' oils which feed and
nourish it. Without these oils,
skin becomes dry, rough,
old-looking. With them it
stays soft, smooth, young!"

Dumas

THERE! I'VE JUST
WRITTEN THE TRUTH! HOW
IN ONE SHORT MONTH,
PALMOLIVE MADE MY
SKIN SO MUCH SMOOTHER
AND SOFTER...AND...

JUST ADD THAT I
SAY THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE PALMOLIVE FOR
THE BATH! THAT RICH
PENETRATING LATHER
MAKES A GUY FEEL
SO CLEAN!



JULY
29
SHE
SAILS
FOR
EUROPE

OH, JIM! I CAN HARDLY
REALIZE I ACTUALLY
WON, AND I'M ABOUT
TO SAIL FOR EUROPE!

HAVE A SWELL TIME,
DARLING! AND TAKE
GOOD CARE OF THAT
LOVELY PALMOLIVE
COMPLEXION!



**PALMOLIVE, the beauty soap made with Olive Oil,
INVITES YOU TO ENTER THIS \$120,000 CONTEST!
RULES ARE SO SIMPLE AND EASY. *Anyone can win!***

HERE'S HOW TO WIN

1. Any man, woman or child in the United States may enter (except employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and families).
2. Here's all you do. Just write a short letter starting with the words "I like Palmolive Soap because..."
3. Entries will be judged only on clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Submit as many entries as you like.

4. Each entry must be accompanied by the black bands from 3 cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies).
5. Print full name and address on *each* entry; also name and address of dealer and clerk from whom you bought your Palmolive Soap.
6. Mail entries to Palmolive, Dept. M-43, Jersey City, N.J.
7. Contest closes June 15, 1936. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.

8. Judges' decisions are final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Entries become property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet;

★ ★

In addition to the 20 first prizes, there are 100,000 beautiful complexion brushes, worth \$1.00 each!

**MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO
KEEP SKIN YOUNG AND LOVELY**





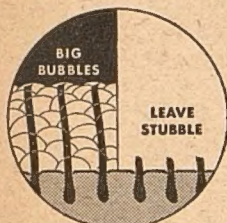
MAYBE YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY—BUT THAT STUBBLE ON YOUR CHIN AT DINNER-TABLE DISGUSTS ME. YOU COULD SHAVE, YOU KNOW.

YEAH! WELL YOU TRY TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING AND SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT. I'M GOING TO THE CLUB!

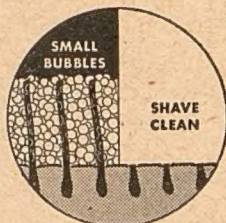
WE QUARREL ABOUT EVERYTHING! EVEN SHAVING! BUT, BETTY, BOB DOES LOOK SO AWFUL BY DINNER-TIME.

GET HIM TO USE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM! ROY SAYS IT GIVES A "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE THAT LASTS!

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!

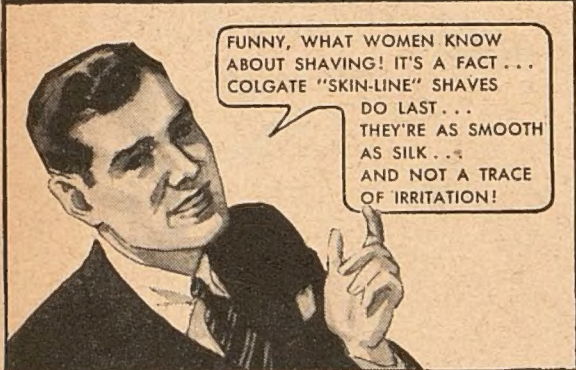


MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.



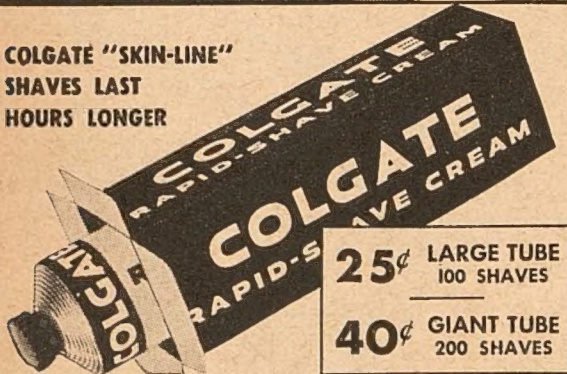
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

ONE WEEK LATER!



FUNNY, WHAT WOMEN KNOW ABOUT SHAVING! IT'S A FACT... COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES DO LAST... THEY'RE AS SMOOTH AS SILK... AND NOT A TRACE OF IRRITATION!

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER



(Continued from page 8)

We traveled around together a good deal that summer. We did not have any more fights. As a matter of fact it had been a great surprise to me to find out that she was such a spitfire.

In my senior year I had what I now realize was good luck, though I didn't think so at the time. To begin with, I was trying out for the football team for the fourth and last time, and I broke my ankle down at Cape May. It was a bad break, and I didn't play any soccer for quite a while, neither did I go to any dances. It gave me a little chance to study, and I did study. I got the best grades I'd ever had. They were nothing to brag about, at that.

And in December Sue announced her engagement to some Major Harkinson of the British army, who is also, or even principally, a polo player. I got a pretty swell note from Sue, and I bet about thirty other guys did too, and when she was married, in February, she got a wedding present from me that had me practically ruined all year. That was all right too. It kept me around the house.

I staggered home with my diploma, and gave Louella a call. I had been writing to her now and then since about March. She said, "How about coming over for dinner? We haven't got much. It's only kidney stew. Well, of course, I have a little of that tomato bisque, and a combination salad, and some raspberry ice, but the ice is just fair." I said probably that would be all right, and if not, we could stop at the lunch wagon.

I went over there and said hello to her father, who is a very regular guy and our family doctor. He said, "Glad you could make it, Joe. I've had my dinner. Got to go out on a call. The only thing that makes Louella wild is to cook a meal and then not have people eat it. That's the only time that girl ever gets mad."

OH, yeah? I said to myself. I could tell you different. But I just said to Doc that Louella was some cook.

"You ought to see the ham and eggs she just fixed up," said Doc. "Ham and eggs and home-fried. I hear you're going in with your father, Joe."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Good thing to have a son," Doc said. "Well, you can't have everything. I'm not complaining. I'll see you later."

"I'll be here, sir," I said, and he got in his car and started rolling. I wouldn't be a doctor for anything.

All this time Louella was hustling around the dining room and the kitchen. She'd hardly said hello to me. I said, "Louella, would you mind sitting down for a minute?"

"I can't," she said. "This is almost ready. The thing about kidney stew is to get plenty of lambs' kidneys and just a little veal kidney, not too much. Some people like wild rice, but I think brown rice is just as good. You mustn't parboil the kidneys too long or they get tough. Then you have the green peppers and the boiled

onions and, of course, the mushrooms. There's really not a thing to it."

I walked out into the kitchen after her. Her cheeks were pink, and she looked a little worried and preoccupied but confident and capable, like a good quarterback on the other club's twenty-yard line. I do not say I made a great discovery right then and there, because things do not come to me suddenly as a rule, and I had been thinking about this vaguely for some time. Anyhow, I had found out that Louella was as pretty as a little red wagon.

"LISTEN, you," I said. "Would you be so good as to stop rushing around and talking to yourself, and give me a moment of your valuable time?"

"Can't, Joe. The thing about kidney stew is it's got to be just done and no more than done. You sit down. I'll give you some of the tomato bisque—keep you quiet."

"It'll take more than that to keep me quiet. Will you listen to me, Louella Ramsey, for thirty seconds, or do I have to wallop you again, making it the odd once?"

She turned around and I grabbed her. But I didn't wallop her. I just gave her a fine big All-American kiss before she could get out.

"Joe! You behave yourself!" she said. I declined, however, to let go.

"I was trying to propose to you politely in the living room," I said. "Maybe this suits your low tastes better. Listen, you. I'm a big lunk, and you know it. But I'm going to make it go, just the same. Give me a chance. I'll show you. What do you say?"

She put her arms up around my neck, and, boy, did that girl give me a kiss! I don't know where she learned.

"The thing is—the thing is—" she said. The top of her head doesn't come to my chin anyhow, and I could scarcely hear her.

"What? What, honey?" I said. She had me scared for a minute.

"The thing is—the thing is—Joe dear, I was so worried. Those Eastern girls—they—they couldn't feed you, Joe. They're so skinny themselves. You—you'd go into a decline. Joe—you— Joe, let go of me for a minute. We'll have to—to be sensible about this. I—I can't do this. I'm catching you on the rebound."

Just for that I did give her a little whack. I said, "Aren't you ashamed?"

"I guess not," she said. She put her arms around my neck again. "I've been wanting to do this since I was fourteen," she said. She said that to me, and I'd like to know who in the world ever had anything nicer said to him. I'll tell you. I'm going to be half as good to that girl as she is to me and to everybody. And, however I make out, nobody in the world was ever dearer to anybody than she to me.

By the way, when we got to the kidney stew, it tasted like leather. I ate every bit of it. I may be dumb, but I am not that dumb.

THE END

HUNTING THE HE-MEN OF

HOLLYWOOD

An interesting and
amusing revelation
regarding Hollywood
life by

**Adela
Rogers
St. Johns**



CLARK GABLE



ROBERT TAYLOR

It is generally supposed that the glamorous female stars of Hollywood are pursued by men and admired by them and would not have the slightest trouble in getting any man on earth they wanted.

Yet recently a world-famous psychologist stated that all Hollywood females are predatory in the extreme. Webster's Dictionary gives the meaning of predatory as "given to plundering or pillage" i.e. the act of seizing what you want by force.

It is rumored that the moment the beautiful Rhea Gable left her husband a dozen Hollywood stars and near stars marked him for their own. Also that Robert Taylor is having much trouble in avoiding the Hollywood huntresses.

Who does the hunting in Hollywood, the men or the women? It all makes a very interesting question into which Adela Rogers St. Johns, famous writer and authority on Hollywood affairs has delved deeply. Under the title "Pursuit of the Hollywood He-Man—" she reveals some amazingly interesting facts regarding a little known side of Hollywood life. It will interest you, amuse you and enlighten you. Read it by all means. Page 14, Photoplay for June. Now on sale.

The Stormy Heart of Margaret SULLAVAN

MARGARET
SULLAVAN



Another outstanding feature in the June Photoplay is a deeply revealing character study of Margaret Sullavan by Sarah Hamilton. Famous as she is through her films, Margaret Sullavan is one of the least known and least understood figures on the screen. A girl of moods and contradictions—and a heart of gold. To really know her is to love her. Do not miss "The Stormy Heart of Margaret Sullavan." Until this intimate study of her was published little or nothing of the real Margaret Sullavan had been told.

High-lights of the JUNE ISSUE

Pursuit of the Hollywood He-Man • Dinner for One, Please John • Garbo and Chaplin Talked for Me • The True Paul Muni • The Stormy Heart of Margaret Sullavan • We Cover the Studios • The Reluctant Bachelor • Nobody Is Safe in Hollywood • Photoplay Fashions • The Private Life of a Talking Picture • Marion Talley's Five Figure Exercises • —And Something New What the Well Dressed Bride Will Wear.

JUNE ISSUE ON SALE NOW

PHOTOPLAY

\$100,000 A YEAR AT TWO!

NOT five babies any longer, but five Big Girls!

That sentence is the best summary of the Dionne quintuplets and how they grow; the best, most cheerful, most truthful assurance they can give on their second birthday, May 28, 1936, to a world which for two years has watched them with its heart in its mouth.

Would all five live?—quintuplets never had lived before! Would they develop into children of normal size?—the five of them shortly after birth weighed less than ten pounds! All such crucial questions on millions of lips are now answered in a happy affirmative. All five are tall, sturdy, chubby toddlers, and their gross tonnage on their second birthday bids fair to be in the neighborhood of 175 pounds. Mentally, all five are "hitting on six," as is evident in their most recent photographs.

Marie was for months the least and frailest, developing just a bit more slowly than her sisters. They proved all unconsciously her best teachers. With intense interest and satisfaction Dr. Dafoe and the nurses watched her imitate the achievements of the others; watched, too, as she learned to defend herself against their instinctive attempts to "ride" her because they weighed a few ounces more apiece. Today Marie has found herself. At least one person who sees her daily calls her "the brightest of the lot."

No wonder that birthday congratulations and gifts have poured in for weeks on the five! Not only by keeping alive but by growing bonnier and brighter every day they have afforded the world a much needed dose of optimism. They have given something even more valuable to their juvenile contemporaries, for it seems certain that many little lives have been saved, many babies have benefited from wiser care because of the tremendous publicizing of modern child hygiene by its five pictorially effective press agents. What has been done for them is no more than may be done for many other children. This lesson Dr. Dafoe drives home again and again in his Guidebook for Mothers, about to be published.

Suppose the Dionne quintuplets were an incorporated business. As for earnings, this imaginary D. Q., Inc., has raked in something like \$200,000 since the birth of the five partners. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars—\$24,000 for each little girl—is in a trust fund invested in government bonds. The hospital-nursery and its grounds are estimated to be worth \$25,000. More than \$10,000 was spent during the past year in enlargements and alterations, and a further large sum is to be disbursed in the construction and equipment of an outdoor playground.

The babies' maintenance from their first to their second birthday cost approximately \$1,000 a month. Besides Dr. Dafoe, their entourage includes two nurses, two provincial constables, a housekeeper, a laundress. During their first year of life heavy expenses were incurred—and met, in the end, from their earnings. A hundred dollars

A Birthday Revelation . . . How
the Dionne Riches Are Growing

by

MARGUERITE
MOOERS
MARSHALL

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

is drawn each month from their trust fund and given to their father and mother. If all five children continue to live and thrive, present contracts will have brought them, in another twelve months, the sum of \$300,000, on the interest of which it is estimated that they can be reared and educated after the manner desired by their guardians, Dr. Dafoe and Judge Valin. When the guardianship expires on the eighteenth birthday of D. Q., Inc., the "concern" may easily be worth \$1,500,000.

For the members are already five of the highest

paid and most juvenile actresses to appear on the screen. Besides being photographed in several charming newsreels, they starred in the full-size motion picture, *The Country Doctor*, for which they received \$50,000. They worked thirty-eight minutes a day on six days, making a total of 228 minutes at \$43.87 a minute for each baby.

The film negatives were insured for \$2,000,000 and the babies were pronounced "wonderful screen personalities" by Henry King, their director, and by Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson, who played doctor and nurse in the picture. Incidentally, no more "painless posing" could be imagined. The children stayed in their own nursery and, by Dr. Dafoe's orders, only a skeleton force from Hollywood was permitted to enter—Mr. Hersholt, Miss Peterson, Mr. King, the soundman, the cameraman. All five adults donned sterile clothing, the actor and actress had their throats and noses sprayed, the others wore masks. The lights were softened with blue filters, used after consultation with oculists and after testing on other infants of eighteen months.

Not merely self-supporting and the mainstay of their family, in two years they have taken their birthplace and the surrounding countryside out of the depression-time red and have poured nearly \$1,000,000 into the coffers of their native province of Ontario.

Almost half a million persons—95 per cent of them from the United States—traveled 250 miles north of Toronto last summer to see them. More than 95,000 automobiles were driven to the brown log-cabin hospital. The Ontario Department of Highways alone took in \$74,000 from motorists, who paid it in the gasoline tax. Postal revenues were swollen by the mailing of many thousand post cards showing five baby faces.

In the thriving town of North Bay, the Empire Hotel did a land-office business. It is ready for an even bigger season this year. So are tourists' camps around Lake Nipissing. So are private homes, willing to turn an honest penny in food and lodgings for quin fans.

In every way the five little sisters have shown themselves "the tops" during their first two years. When I met them for the first time, at the age of eight months, they were just climbing from semiconscious organisms into the human class—turning baby eyes of wonder at a stranger, practicing openmouthed and toothless baby grins.

The gradual focusing of intelligence was as clearly



Copyright, 1936, N.E.A. Service, Inc.

This is how the quins make their money. Liberty paid \$150 for this picture so you could look at it.

perceptible as the focusing of their long-lashed dark blue eyes. No experience could be more fascinating than my monthly check-up on their development. Today, at the age of two, they are five handfuls of physical, mental, and emotional activity. Their toy mortality is terrific; their aim with balls and dolls so excellent that the nursery windows have had to be equipped with shatterproof glass. And their high-chair trays have been equipped with unbreakable utensils.

While each child has a husky instinct of combativeness, yet each, even at two years, has displayed affectionate impulses equally sincere. Despite diminutive squabbles, they take an obvious enjoyment in one another's society. All of them can sing simple tunes; they chatter volubly among themselves in baby French; they know how to perform tiny dance steps.

WITH the world beating a path to the quintuplets' door, Dr. Dafoe could hardly bang it in the collective face of child-loving humanity—yet he had to save his small charges from possible infection, nerve strain, and exhibitionism. The solution he found last summer is an excellent augury for the babies' future. No one could worry about that who watched them, as I did, smile and kick, hand-wave and pat-a-cake at a thousand people. This summer, according to announcement, they will be on view to visitors without being aware of the fact.

Even in their short space of life they have proved themselves veritable little women. Before they could creep they loved jewelry. And you should have seen the airs of gratified vanity when all five were inducted into smart smocked "grown-up" little dresses of colored linen!

They're not so easy on clothes. Just as they used to kick holes almost daily in their knitted bootees, so now they scuff out almost daily their soft firm-soled leather shoes. Their dresses wear out quickly too, and you can imagine how long they will last when the quins make mud pies outdoors this summer.

Five regular little girls—these are the two-year-old quintuplets. And where do they go from here?

For one thing, they go to school—or, rather, school comes to them. They are now in the charge of a nurse who is an expert in nursery education. She was trained by Dr. William E. Blatz, who directs the Department of Child Training and St. George's School for Child Study at the University of Toronto. One of Dr. Blatz's child pupils is curly-haired Frances, daughter of Dr. William A. Dafoe, leading Toronto gynecologist, whose advice and co-operation during the entire quintuplet adventure have been at the service of his brother in Callander.

Nursery Education, Dr. Blatz's book, is the standard work in its field, and his technique is likely to govern largely the lives of the quins during the next year or two. They form a natural unit such as is the base of nursery-school organization.

They have always had a morning health inspection not only by their nurses but by their doctor. Next on the schedule is the "study" that takes the form of outdoor play. The quins will be frolicking in their big attractive playground at one side of the nursery property, a playground fitted with all the fun-making apparatus which Dr. Dafoe considers safe for them.

There is land enough for five, especially now that the guardians have obtained possession of the site occupied last summer by a souvenir-and-hot-dog stand. On the other side of the hospital, to protect more thoroughly its privacy, a strip of Papa Dionne's property will be taken over—a barren stony hillside. The report that his homestead lot will be expropriated is absolutely untrue, and of course he will be paid for whatever land is acquired.

Any one privileged to hear Dr. Dafoe expound his simple, sensible ideas for bringing up little girls must realize that the mental and moral care of the quintuplets will be as perfect as the physical care that has made them what they are today.

Meanwhile, all who wish these five little maids a happy birthday may rejoice in the knowledge that their present forecast is still "set fair"!

THE END

ALBERTA BIDDLE, who wrote Stars as I Know Them, for Screen Stars Magazine, held her coat—imitation beaver—the way she thought movie stars held theirs as she gave her name and asked if Lily Grant were in.

"Go up to Suite D9," said the clerk, who looked like an expressionless lemon.

On the way up Miss Biddle began thinking of a beginning for her interpretation of the life of Lily Grant. A lot of magazine stories had already been written about her, Miss Biddle knew. And these did not always agree with news stories which had also been printed. Miss Biddle admired Lily Grant tremendously—felt that she had been badly mistreated by reporters. Well, what did that matter? Here was Miss Grant, still a star, even if she could no longer play ingénues, with a suite in a New York hotel, a home in Hollywood, admirers, everything, and still important enough to write about—while the reporters who maligned her were still only reporters. If they had their jobs at all.

Miss Biddle knocked on the door of Suite D9. Her pinched little face took on the expression of one about to enter a place of worship. She wet her lips. The lipstick she used was the wrong color—just as her blouse was the wrong color. They were gifts of stars she had interviewed—Miss Biddle was not a gift-horse gazer.

A maid in a neat cap and apron ushered her into a correct living room, formal, cold; too full of satin-covered furniture. Miss Biddle did not notice that the flowers were hanging their heads too wearily.



Lily Grant, in gentle voice, of long hours theatrical of

Interview

A STORY OF THE SECRET THINGS
THAT HIDE IN A WOMAN'S HEART

by THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY
FLAGG

knew of several other writers who were seeing Lily Grant. Oh, well, she knew she'd get a good story. Miss Grant was always so—so "gracious."

Sally Mason listened, turned toward the door. Alberta Biddle stood up. They both waited. A door closed down the private hallway. Lily Grant came into the room.

You would have known she was a screen celebrity. She was slender and her hair was a golden cap waved flat against her head. Her face was all of a tone, covered with a beige make-up which seemed as thick as cream. Her nose was small and straight, her cheekbones high. Her eyes were wide apart and rather ridiculously made up, with deep-blue shadows above them and exaggerated lashes. Her eyebrows were thin half-circles which gave her an expression of constant inquiry.

Her mouth was red and full. She was wearing a negligee of turquoise brocade and she held in her hand a single white orchid—her fad for the moment. Last year it was Southern magnolias; but those were too hard to get—and too large.

"My dear Alberta!"

Lily Grant's voice was low and deep. She made a great pretense of kissing Miss Biddle.

"You're looking simply beautiful!" Miss Biddle managed, though she was almost overcome.

"I'm a wreck! Your New York and late hours do terrible things to me!" She laughed to show she didn't think she was a wreck at all. Her laughter made her remarks seem clever and important.

She never laughed after any one else's remarks.

"Now, Miss Grant!" protested Alberta Biddle.

"Have you had breakfast?" Lily Grant sank into the biggest chair. "I'm starving. We can talk after we've ordered."

Miss Biddle had hoped the interview would include breakfast. She had eaten hours before, but breakfast with Lily Grant was not the sort of thing a movie interviewer refused.

"Breakfast is the most delightful meal."

Lily Grant was very gay. "Sparkling" and "casual" were two of the things Miss Biddle would say about her. "I always say, if I can have breakfast and tea I can skip luncheon. Dinners are fun, too—a few friends and



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Miss Grant will see you in a few minutes." Miss Biddle felt that the maid's hushed voice was as it should be. She sat down on an uncomfortable chair.

A woman came in briskly. She was buxom, with a curved nose and full dark lips. Miss Grant's secretary. Miss Biddle wondered why Lily Grant had a secretary of this type, though she had heard that Sally Mason mothered her, kept undesirable people away. She seemed so coarse for this position.

"Howjdo!" she said harshly. "Miss Grant's just getting up. Be right in. Awfully busy here in New York. Seeing you as a special favor. No other interviews this visit."

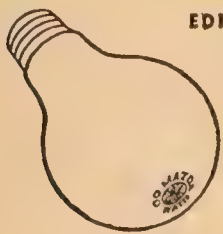
Miss Biddle didn't want to contradict her, though she

...AN' MOTHER SAYS BE SURE
TO BRING HOME A SUPPLY
OF THOSE LAMPS THAT
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER!



THE little girl's mother realizes that it doesn't pay to take chances with inferior lamps that grow dimmer and dimmer as days go by. She keeps her home well lighted with Edison MAZDA lamps because they *Stay Brighter Longer*... use electricity so much more economically.

You undoubtedly need many new lamp bulbs right now in your home... nearly everyone does. Especially the sight-saving sizes, 75 and 100 watts, that are so necessary in helping busy young eyes develop normally. Ask for Edison MAZDA lamps by name. It doesn't pay to take chances! General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



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LAMPS**

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THE G-E "DIME" LAMP. First real value in a 10 cent lamp. Comes in following sizes, 60, 30, 15 and 7½ watts. It is marked like this GE

candlelight. I loathe formal meals—and a lot to drink. I never drink at all, you know. The way I was brought up, I guess. I still feel it isn't—womanly."

Miss Biddle snapped up the words with her pale earnest eyes. Why, the interview would write itself if Miss Grant kept on. Miss Grant kept on.

"An omelet? That's too usual. Eggs Florentine. They do them well here. And I'm keen for dozens of little hot muffins. And a great pot of coffee. You order, Sally. Alberta and I can start chatting. What kind of a story do you want, dear? I don't know a thing exciting—I'm just happy with my work and my home and my friends. But you write such lovely stories—I know I'm safe in your hands. I can be myself. Only you'll be careful. Some of the stories—"

"I know!" Miss Biddle nodded vigorously. "This is a story from the time you were a little girl. For my series, Stars as I Know Them. Maybe you've noticed—"

"I'm afraid I haven't, dear." Miss Grant smiled sweetly. She had been quite annoyed when she saw, each month, the stories Miss Biddle had written about other stars, and had turned the page quickly, searching for her own publicity.

"I WANT to know all the little things about your life," said Miss Biddle. "Your admirers know the main facts, but I want you to tell me the things you've never told before. Then I can give my own version."

"How nice!" Lily Grant nodded understandingly. "You mean from when I was a little girl?"

"Yes."

Alberta Biddle leaned forward.

"I had a pleasant but not very remarkable childhood." Lily Grant laughed—that low laugh, at herself—again. "We lived in a big old house. Mississippi. My people were cotton planters. But they'd lost most of their money by the time I was born. You know—poor but proud. I wasn't one of the rich girls who go on the stage for fun."

"And when you were little, Miss Grant?"

"Of course! Well, I wasn't very pretty. Really, I wasn't. My older sister was much prettier. There—I don't think I've ever told any one that. She was a home girl. She died three years ago."

Lily Grant looked very sad. Miss Biddle felt that if her fans could see her like this they'd never believe any of the stories the newspapers printed about her.

Lily Grant was thinking. About Agnes. Imagine telling that for one of their damned stories! Why, it was what happened to Agnes that made her what she was. Agnes was a good kid. Sweet. Even if they had lived on the worst street in town, Agnes could have kept away from Bill Hammersley. Lily'd never have trusted Bill.

She'd never forget waking up and

finding Agnes crying. Great, heavy sobs. Her head buried in her pillow.

"Oh, God!" Agnes cried. "What am I going to do?"

She muttered that sentence over and over again. When she finally sat up, her eyes were swollen and red-rimmed. And she told Lily—Bill had got her into trouble!

Pa found out. He couldn't help it, the way Agnes cried all the time. He knew what to do. He forced Bill to marry Agnes. And Agnes not eighteen.

Lily didn't know, now, if that had been the best thing. It seemed the best thing then.

Agnes had the baby. Bill was drunk all the time. And ran around with women. And half of the time there wasn't enough food in the house. And Agnes getting old before her time. It was Agnes who helped Lily make up her mind never to let any man put anything over on her.

Ma helped, too, if it came to that. Poor pa! He wasn't mean like Bill. He was just worthless. One job after another, from the railroad to odd jobs. He'd got into trouble a couple of times. She hadn't known what it was about, but ma's eyes had been red for days.

Poor Agnes! Now she was dead. The last years Lily had done all she could for her, though as she grew older Agnes grew hard, always expecting things and taking it for granted that a movie star had to look out for her relatives. They had all sort of blackmailed her—you pay us and we'll keep out of your way. Well, Agnes was dead, and pa and ma were dead, and Bill had disappeared. The kid was always getting into trouble and needing help. He was a bad egg—like Bill. Well, if he just stayed away from her!

"You haven't any people at all?" asked Miss Biddle.

"No one."

Lily Grant's eyes filled with tears. "My parents are dead. I—I never had any babies."

"But you have so many friends," said Miss Biddle. She'd written, A Girl Against the World. "Now tell me about your school days."

"You know how schools are in small towns," laughed Lily Grant. "My most valuable lessons I learned at my mother's knee."

SHE visualized the school. A great cube of brick, with a yard worn bare of grass. The teachers, frustrated women who flattered the children of the town's prominent citizens. The children were smug-faced little brats who wouldn't play with her. She remembered falling asleep, her eyes wet with tears, because of the way they'd treated her. Well, if she hadn't hated them so, she might have stayed in that awful town, as Agnes did.

Lily Grant smiled and told imaginary things about a pleasant little-girl life in a small town.

"And when you left school you went to New York and got on the stage," prompted Miss Biddle. "You

must have been ambitious right from the start."

Ambitious right from the start! That was good. She hadn't thought of getting ahead. She hated every one—wanted to get even with the kids who had laughed at her, or who hadn't noticed her at all.

She stopped school in eighth grade. She was a lanky kid with straw-colored hair and light eyelashes. She spent the next years mooning around. Dreaming about nothing. Restless. Miserable. Unhappy. "Wanting out." And running around with all kinds of boys—though pa beat her when she got in late.

"I had my dreams," said Lily Grant, "but my parents didn't believe in careers for women. I wanted to do something—and I feel nothing can be accomplished without a dream back of it."

Miss Biddle sucked some more of the wrong color off her lips. This was the kind of thing her readers loved! "Did you have sweethearts when you were a girl?" she asked.

SHE'D had sweethearts. One, a shy kid, as pitiful and wistful as she. She hadn't let herself care for him. She wondered what had become of him. It wasn't until she met Don that she cared, really, for any one. Donald! She could still see him. Slim. Good-looking. His father was one of the rich men of the town. Don picked her up in his car. He seemed wonderful. He had been to college. He knew all of the things she wanted to know.

She went driving with Don. She met him around the corner, so pa wouldn't know. Pa distrusted every man with money.

At first the drives were grand. She and Don away from the world. The wind in their faces. And talking about life.

Then Don wanted more than kisses. She knew too much for that. Didn't she have Agnes for example? Don didn't want marriage. Pa wouldn't have been able to force him into it. She fought against Don, and he grew sullen. And, in the room where Agnes had cried and asked God what she was going to do, Lily cried because she didn't want to lose Don—and didn't know how to hold him.

Everything was against her. Other girls had nice homes. There was no place she could see Don but in his car—and then he wanted to make love. She didn't want any one to get the best of her.

And one night, when she went out to the car, there sat Don's father instead. Sullen—like Don when he wasn't getting his own way.

He drove down the streets where she and Don had had such lovely rides. He offered her money to give up Don!

"You are ruining his future," he said.

She didn't say that she knew she would have had to give up Don anyhow. She wanted to laugh, to shriek, to throw the money dramatically in his face.



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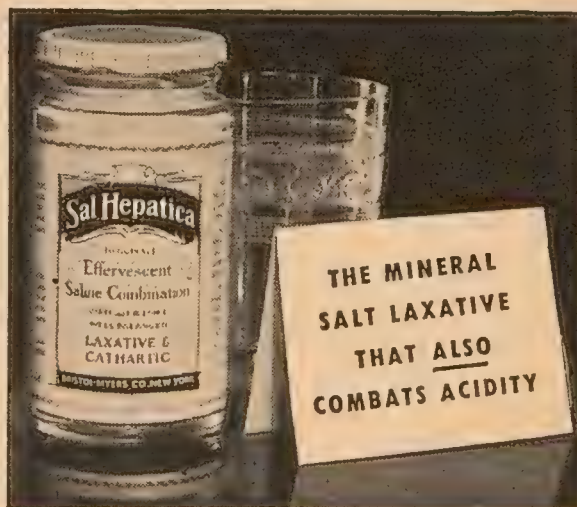
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She sat there, instead, huddled in the seat. Don was gone anyhow. Why not let his father pay? Pay because she'd never had a chance with Don.

She left the car with five hundred dollars. She gave some to Agnes. With the rest she came to New York.

"Yes, I had a first sweetheart."

Lily Grant smiled at Miss Biddle. "But ambition and young love don't always go together. One must be sacrificed. You might tell the girls all over America for me," she laughed, "to think a long time before saying no to the boy next door. A small town and the boy you love may mean fewer heartbreaks. You know the old saying, 'Homekeeping hearts are happiest.'"

"Oh, yes!" Miss Biddle knew she was getting lovely material. "I know all your admirers are glad you didn't stay at home. And after you came to New York—what happened then?"

Lily Grant, in her gentle voice, told of the long hours in theatrical offices. She gave more axioms of success.

"It was a long time before I got my start," she said. "I felt the real tug of poverty. I couldn't ask my parents for more money."

DAMN right she couldn't! Pa was still sore because she left home. Ma never had a cent. It had taken her a long time to get a start. New York wasn't as easy a nut to crack as she had hoped. Too many pretty girls were looking for the same things. She could have known a hundred men—cheap, all of them. She remembered Agnes. She wanted to make something of herself now. She was as pretty and as smart as other girls. And she didn't want to have anything to do with men who couldn't help her—or might be hard to get rid of later on.

The money went for cheap smart clothes, and for the rather touching room, three flights up—narrow, cold. Not that she had had much at home—but she wanted so much more—in New York.

She met Adolph Hillman, the theatrical manager. A silly old man with a big nose and folds under his chin. His hands were gross. She could feel them, now, on her shoulder. Could feel his fat lips against hers. Was it for this she had turned away from Don? Well, Adolph Hillman had more to offer.

Was it enough—fame and Hillman in exchange for herself? She went over it a hundred times in that awful little room. What else could she do?

In a way, it was amazing that she had this chance—Hillman choosing her from all the girls he could have had.

She moved to an apartment Hillman picked out for her. A gloomy place, too full of large carved furniture; heavy mirrors; brown woodwork; a smell of decay.

What did it matter? When she was a success she could get away from Adolph Hillman.

Lily didn't know what would have happened if fate hadn't stepped in. Like a cheap melodrama.

She'd never forget that night. What if she told this funny little rabbit-faced reporter about it?

Lightning quick, the events unwound themselves—like a picture film turned too rapidly.

Adolph Hillman sent her to see one of his shows, met her in the lobby afterward. They went to the gloomy apartment. And he talked largely of what he'd do for her—in exchange for what she could do for him. This hideous old man! In what other way, without influence or background or beauty, could she get ahead?

He kissed her. She tried to kiss him in return. Then he started to make love to her. And he was too old.

Lily struggled against him. And suddenly he sat back in his chair. His face grew pale and he began to gasp for breath. She ran to get him a glass of water.

He pushed her away when she brought it. His breath was heavier, labored.

A white froth on his lips changed to rust color and he fought for air as if he were drowning.

He was quiet, then, and his chin dropped. And his eyes were suddenly sunk, as if he were wearing a mask. Lily didn't need any one to tell her that he was dead.

Alone in the apartment with Adolph Hillman, living, was one thing. It was another when he was dead. For an awful moment she had the feeling that she had killed him. Then she got hold of herself.

She knew he had a fat wife and three homely daughters in New Rochelle. She couldn't call them. She knew it was too late to call a doctor.

She telephoned wildly. To his office. Sometimes his secretary stayed late. There was no answer. She tried to get his brother. He was not home! She tried clubs, restaurants. She tried to locate intimate business associates. She couldn't stay with a dead man! There must be some one!

She telephoned his brother's home every five minutes. Finally he answered. She could hardly speak. She choked out something. In fifteen minutes the brother and a friend of his were there.

She told them what had happened. The other man got something for her to drink.

Lily knew what was going on—but it was more as if she were seeing a play. The men held the old man between them, a sagging figure who was to pass for drunk if any one saw them. They went out to the waiting car. Lily wondered how many other men were not allowed the peace of getting cold where they died.

The next day Adolph Hillman's death was in all the newspapers. He had spent the evening at his theater and then had gone to his brother's home. His death had been instantaneous. Heart trouble.

Joe Hillman gave Lily a part in a play. Not as good as Adolph had promised her, but better than swinging her heels in an agent's office, or her purse on Sixth Avenue. A first step up.

SHE smiled brightly at Miss Biddle.

"It was through dear old Adolph Hillman that I got my start," she said. "He was my first real friend in New York. I owe so much to that dear generous soul who helped so many ambitious girls. His death was a permanent blow to the American stage. After that, other roles came. Small at first. Long hours of rehearsal—"

She talked prettily of those first difficult years.

The breakfast things came in. Lily Grant, as always, was a gracious hostess. She pressed food on Miss Biddle, who ate greedily, not noticing that Miss Grant only nibbled at a muffin. Between bites Miss Biddle pursued her questions:

"Didn't you marry Richard Trimmer then? Tell me about that romance."

"I admired him from the first time I saw him," said Lily Grant. "I was so flattered because he noticed me. He was years older. I've always liked older men. He was such a dear."

"But you separated?"

Lily Grant opened her eyes very wide. "When two people are no longer in love I think it is a sin for them to stay together. I think the marriage ceremony should read, 'Till the death of love us do part.' I really do."

But she really never loved Trimmer. He was producing a play which interested her, though nearly any play interested her then. A pompous gray-haired man who bored her with his long dissertations. But she learned from him. Art. Music. The theater. Food and wine. People. She had learned nothing from Hillman, who was vastly ignorant under a thin coating of the theater.

Trimmer was a man of the world. She was lucky. Hillman had been old and foolish—and she was very young. Trimmer gave her a new estimation of herself.

She had done nothing to attract Hillman. To attract Dick Trimmer she had used all of her knowledge of women—and men. A hundred tricks.



THYRA SAMTER
WINSLOW

acquired her education and experience in many states. She was born in Arkansas, and attended colleges in Missouri, Ohio, and New York. She was for a time on the stage and has written a number of novels and short stories, some of the latter having been published in *Liberty*.

She was no longer for sale for a role. Other women demanded matrimony. Why not Lily Grant?

There was one obstacle. Trimmer was married to Lucinda Ray. Lucinda Ray was no longer pretty or young.

Lily Grant was the only one surprised when Dick Trimmer married her. To the others in the theater it was the usual thing. A producer falls in love with an ingénue, gets his wife to divorce him. It was as simple as that.

She forged ahead. To leads. She was pretty, young. She became popular. She studied English, music, French, German. She and Dick went to Europe, spending the days as well as the nights on her education.

It was too bad that Dick was unlucky in the theater, and that he started to drink. And drinking made him unpleasant. She remembered the horrible brawls. You couldn't expect a girl like Lily Grant to stay with a man who drank all the time—and who couldn't even support her. Especially when she found she could get along on her own.

"OUTSIDE of the pain of parting, I shall always remember most pleasantly my years with Richard Trimmer," she told Miss Biddle.

"It was after your divorce that you made your Hollywood success?"

Lily Grant nodded, and told gay little things about her beginnings in Hollywood, that mythical and amusing wonderland.

"Hollywood has been greatly maligned," she said. "It is really just a small town full of dear understanding people as well as the more colorful and spectacular ones. My friends are really stay-at-homes. We have little dinner parties, go to bed early."

"I know," said Miss Biddle—who felt she knew. "But weren't there any men you cared about then?"

"There were men I liked and admired," said Lily Grant. "But you know how the world misinterprets a star's slightest move. Have dinner with a man a couple of times and your name is linked with his. I like to feel I have real men friends in Hollywood."

Friends! Lew Dorset, who took her to Hollywood, and who was all business—even in love-making and poker-playing. She learned hardness from Lew—if she needed hardness. Well, she gave Lew as much as she got from him. The stage hadn't offered her anything that year and Lew had offered a great deal. She made good in Hollywood.

She grew tired of Lew, just as he grew tired of her. Funny, when they met now, they were—friends. They could talk of the newest movie, the newest scandal, with never a tremor of emotion.

Other men, too, interested her. And then bored her—or were no longer of any help. How horrified the little rabbit across the table would be if she told her of some of the things that had happened. The scene with Drew Colby when they quarreled

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and threw a whole set of dishes at each other, one dish at a time, and in the end stood bloody but unbowed, knee-deep in broken crockery. And Treve Martin, with his spells of depression and insight—and his unreality. She didn't know for a long time that it was a drug that stimulated Martin. He was dead now. She was glad to remember that his last months had been peaceful.

The telephone bit in. Sally Mason answered it, while Lily pressed her hands together until the knuckles were white—and pretended she was not waiting.

"It was nothing," said Sally.

"Your marriage to Wayne Andrews," said Miss Biddle. "Are—are you happy together?"

"Why, yes." Lily Grant laughed. "If any one is really happy who has an adult mind. In many ways it is a beautiful marriage."

A beautiful marriage! Wouldn't Wayne laugh at that! He'd see the story the rabbit would write. He always read the fan magazines, looking for things about himself.

She remembered the first time she saw Wayne. She was wearing an empress's robe, and he was a Roman slave. He gave the obvious quotation when they met—and he had seen to it that they met. He was an extra player then.

How young he seemed, and careless and gay. She did not learn for a long time that, though his youth was real, the carelessness and gaiety were as much a part of his pose as his calmness.

She liked him from the first. He had seen to that, too. It wasn't until later that she fell in love with him. So fully, so deeply in love that the thought of it, even now, made her tremble. She was no longer young. She should have known better.

She hadn't known better. With Wayne she forgot all she had learned—from Agnes, from Dick, from Lew.

Wayne had married a little nobody when he was twenty-one and playing in vaudeville. He got a divorce. Those who knew about it blamed her—though the marriage was broken before she met Wayne. Luckily, no one remembered that, years before, Dick Trimmer had got a divorce in order to marry her.

Wayne was the person she had been years before! He wanted to get ahead. He saw in her the person who could help him. Lily was a star, and Wayne was a young and handsome extra man with his own future to look out for. Just as Lily Grant had had her own future.

The little nobody he divorced acted very badly and gave out all sorts of ugly publicity—though she'd never even had her name in the newspapers before!

Lily and Wayne were married. Lily never even thought this marriage over, the way she had thought things out before. To her it was beautiful that Wayne loved her, wanted to marry her. It seemed the fruition of all she had worked for.

She built a larger home in Beverly Hills. There was a swimming pool. Tennis courts. Servants enough to run things properly. And into this stepped Wayne Andrews,

erstwhile of cheap roominghouses, of vaudeville and extra parts, mostly in Westerns. And Lily smiled happily because he consented to step in.

She was so happy those first years! She still could hardly think about it.

Wayne got ahead, as he had planned. First, as her leading man, when her public wanted to see them together. Then, as she edged into young-matron and young-mother roles, Wayne became a star in his own right.

The talkies came in. Lily's voice registered well, due to the lessons Dick Trimmer had given her. Wayne had to go to England—for experience and an accent.

Lily couldn't remember when she first learned that Wayne was untrue to her.

Lily Grant saved face, pretended she didn't know. Maybe everything would come out all right. She loved Wayne, didn't want to lose him altogether.

Now she was old and Wayne was young—and he wanted to be free. She, Lily Grant, idol of thousands of movie stars, groveled in her attempts to hold him.

"THE rumors about you and Mr. Andrews aren't true, then?" pursued Miss Biddle. "You aren't planning a separation? You aren't interested in any one else?"

"I'm sure I can never care for any one else again," Lily Grant said. "You might say that Mr. Andrews and I each need a certain amount of freedom. But, in our own way, we are happy together. I live so fully, you know"—Lily Grant laughed—"with my Hollywood home, my charities, my dear friends."

"You're going to stay in pictures?"

"Until my public grows tired of me," Lily Grant said. "I hope, at the first indication, I'll know enough to retire gracefully."

Lily Grant rose, with the sweetest smile in the world.

"It was good of you to come," she said. "You are one of the few to whom I can reveal a little of my true self."

En route to her dull little apartment Miss Biddle planned a new lead. Miss Grant had been far too wonderful for her to use that first stupid beginning. . . .

"The telephone rang while the white rabbit was here. Was it about the contract?"

Sally shook her head.

"I don't know what I'll do if they don't take up the option," Lily said. "The picture is the only one they're planning that I could possibly be in. That wasn't Wayne who telephoned?"

"Of course not." Sally Mason's voice was sympathetic. "It was about evening gowns. Try to get some rest. I'll call you if any one rings about the option—or if Mr. Andrews calls."

Suddenly Lily Grant slumped down at the table. She hid her face in her hands, so even Sally Mason couldn't see that she looked suddenly old.

"Get me some Scotch, like a good girl, Sally," she said. "I need it awfully. I haven't had a single drop today."

Then, as Sally Mason went out, Lily Grant plagiarized her sister Agnes.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "What am I going to do?"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—He was born at Sacramento in '66, and his middle name is Warren. First a short-hand reporter, he was admitted to the bar in '88. He courageously took the place of an attorney shot down in court; subsequently Abe Ruef, graft-ring leader, received fourteen years. Who is the ex-Bull Mooser in the early photo at the right?

2—Did the month of June get its name from Juno?

3—What syrups are used in a Broadway soda?

4—Who in 1935 flew solo and nonstop from Mexico City to Newark, New Jersey?

5—Is it correct to say "Hearts are trumps"?

6—"Strike the tent! Tell Hill he must come up!" were the last words of what famous general?

7—A serrated knife is best fitted for cutting what?

8—Gifts of bronze are appropriate for which wedding anniversary?

9—Where do the bones of Major John André of Revo-



lutionary War fame now rest?

10—What Biblical character was reported to have worn clothing made of camel's hair?

11—How many drops are in an average teaspoonful?

12—Who is the leader of the Casa Loma Orchestra?

13—What is the name of "the Gulf Stream of the Pacific"?

14—The Latin phrase *ab initio* means what?

15—What prominent race-horse owner and card expert was mysteriously murdered June 11, 1920?

16—Would a hole bored directly through the earth at St. Louis "come out in China"?

17—In New York City, which is larger: Central Park or Van Cortlandt Park?

18—What domestic animal has front teeth in only its lower jaw?

19—Has the number of telephones in the world increased or decreased since 1933?

20—Who that was Mr. Powell's loss appears to be Mr. Gable's gain?



(Answers will be found on page 24)

DIRT

For Dough's Sake

WITH an old friend—an ex-police captain named Steve Reardon who had more genuine culture than most college men I've met—I went to a play that for a few weeks was the talk of the town. It was a triangle play with a queer tilt. So queer that after the first act we quit. Old Steve paused for a moment before we made the exit. His ruddy face was angry, his blunt mustache bristled.

"Look at this audience," he growled. "Look 'em over. Every man jack of 'em looks as if he carried Paris post cards in his pockets."

We walked away from there toward the river, the North River, and stopped in a long-shoremen's tavern to wash the taste out of our mouths with honest beer and to mingle in what we thought was much better company.

Ever since, in my early days in the theater, a piece called *The Turtle* was imported from Germany to shock American audiences, the development of the dirt motif in entertainment has been steady, profitable, and putrid. The dirt-mongers have been among the principal enemies of the American stage.

As I recall *The Turtle*, there was a staggering speech in which an unfaithful wife was called a prostitute in a one-syllable word. Measure that horror against some of the lines and epithets in "realistic" plays of today.

Why, to show you how little rough stuff was tolerated in the old days—and those days are not so old—the one and only time I was ever criticized for anything I uttered on the stage was in Boston. The piece was *Broadway Jones*, and in one scene I said irritably to a butler announcing a caller, "Tell him to go to hell." That's almost kindergarten prattle nowadays. Yet, after my opening in Boston, my friend Mayor John F. Fitzgerald came backstage. "It's a swell show, George," he said. "But you'd better cut out the cussing. Don't tell that chap to go to hell—



by
**GEORGE M.
COHAN**

**A Veteran Actor-Playwright
Speaks His Mind About Some
Sins of His Own Profession**

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



Here's Mr. Cohan giving fatherly advice on the facts of life in *Ah, Wilderness*.

just tell him to go to the devil."

That was a distinction without a difference; none the less I made the change—for when you're in the entertainment business you must realize that the first rule is never consciously to offend anybody.

In vaudeville days the Four Cohans would see many a clever act banned because the vaudeville moguls pronounced it offensive. Keith and Albee were particularly vigilant. If an off-color song or sketch got by Albee's bookers and he later discovered it, that was a firing offense not only for the act but for the bookers.

Burlesque—so called—seems always to have enjoyed license to be lewd; but burlesque is not the theater. Ever since *The Black Crook* and Della Fox of the days when tights were bold, burlesque has been more vulgar than vicious. Its one useful purpose had been to serve as a seminary for most of our best low comedians, who graduated into the tired business men's leg shows of Ziegfeld, Carroll, and White, where they found dirt more prevalent, if more elegant, than on the burleycue wheels. Honky-tonks and peep shows are self-stamped obscene. They don't pose as legitimate drama reflecting life. They're definitely tagged and people who discriminate between entertainment and smut can avoid them.

It's dirt in disguise as serious treatment of life that is, in my opinion, illegitimate. It belongs in clinics, not back of footlights.

The theater, from its ancient beginnings, has always been a forum for the problem play. There social, political, economic, and even religious questions can be presented in the guise of drama. Our latter-day trouble is that our so-called problem plays focus on one problem—sex in its vagaries.

Ever since old man Ibsen startled the world with his *Doll's House* and *Ghosts*, writers of less eloquence but far more impudence have grown bolder step by step, until to

create new sensations and shocks the boys have had to drag out homosexuality and heaven or hell knows what next in morbidity.

Our new school of scandal playwrights deem Ibsen and Bernard Shaw and Brieux dull old gents, too timid in their attack on social aberrations.

When Shaw's Mrs. Warren's Profession came over here and withstood the first barrages of righteous indignation, the parade started. Our press and preachers, whipped to fury by Anthony Comstock, the Boston Watch and Ward Society, and the like, damned and denounced the Shaw play to such effect that it became a howling hit. It was simply a highbrow dissertation on the economic basis of the foul art of procuring. Without torrential publicity it would have quickly faded. It's very mild meat compared with the dramatic diet that is now received without outcry.

Olga Nethersole was the great stage seducer of those days. When she gave the boys Thais, it was a hummer. Even Geraldine Farrar's naughty episode when she sang the operatic version of Thais in Atlanta (she applied a perfume atomizer too anatomically on stage) had nothing on Olga Nethersole. Olga was the original vamp.

They often threatened to back a patrol wagon against the stage door when she played; yet the cops never pulled her in, as they did her more brazen successor Mae West when Mae committed the enormity of *Pleasure Man*. For the things Olga showed in had at least an excuse in the glamour of genius in their creators. There was poetry as well as perfume in them. They were not dirt for dirt's sake, or, rather, dirt for dough's sake.

Don't let me promote the idea that I'm all for sweetness and light on the stage. Yet it's the truth that what is called the old hokum in the heart has made more money actually than risqué and rotten things. Way Down East, *The Old Homestead*, *Rip Van Winkle*—and, more recently, *Lightnin'* and *Abie's Irish Rose*—coined as many millions out of decency as were ever made out of dirt. I believe the theater should have realistic reflection of life as it is lived—but, as in normal living there must always be reticences, so there must be in the theater.

WHEN *What Price Glory?* came along and for the first time gave utterance to a fighting slur, it fitted. It was a play about hard-bitten fighting men—and it had the superb artistic value of restraint. But when you put that barroom verbiage in the mouths of women on the stage, even though it may be a transcript from real and lamentable life, it just doesn't belong.

Through a year I suppose I read a couple of hundred plays. It's my experience that they're growing progressively dirtier. Reading this rubbish, sometimes I think I've found out what happened to all the nasty little boys who used to scrawl obscenities on fences.

I'll grant that increased sophistication calls for what they call "adult" treatment of problems—but why, I repeat, is it usually the same problem of sex? And I'll confess that sometimes I've been puzzled and wondered whether we veterans were missing the boat because we were afraid of frankness. Yet I'll put on a simple little

piece like *The Song and Dance Man*, *Pigeons and People*, *Gambling*, or *Dear Old Darling*, and get my share of the public.

A few years ago William A. Brady brought me a script. I was rehearsing at the time.

"Whatever you're doing," he said in his brusque way, "drop it and put this on! I've got an option on it."

I took the play home and read it. I simply couldn't sympathize with it. It was a play of the mid-prohibition era when the bootleggers' brides made the national anthem, Over the Hills to the Penthouse. I tossed it back to Brady, telling him I couldn't understand such a play.

About six months later I was out for an airing on the boardwalk at Atlantic City when a figure loomed before me. It was Brady. He advanced on me threateningly.

"YOU stay away from me," he bellowed. "Stay away from me!"

"What's the matter, Bill?" I said. "Let's have a toddy and be friends."

"Stay away from me! You've cost me money!"

"How's that?"

"How's that? That play I gave you to read and you turned it down."

I remembered. "Listen," I said. "Don't say I turned it down. All I said was that

I didn't understand it. The characters weren't people I knew about."

"Yes," sneered Bill. "And I booted it out on top of a thousand-dollar option."

"I'm sorry," was all I could say.

"Sorry!" Bill screamed. "You're sorry! You should be sorry. I offered you the damned thing and you laughed it out the window. Do you know what it is? Ask the ticket scalpers. It's Broadway!"

Broadway made a lot of money—but not in the way I care to make it. And Broadway was Sunday-school stuff compared with things like *White Cargo*—a hideous picture of a drunken white man's infatuation for a colored wench. You can take a piece like *Rain*, with its logical sequence of the corrosion of a fine character, or take Bill Brady's own production, the stark and stirring *Street Scene*. There was utter sordidness in both; but that was honest and incidental, not the principal motivation of the plays.

Elmer Rice—a first-rate dramatist when he isn't propagandizing—wrote *Street Scene*. When he called himself, by his birth certificate, Elmer Reizenstein, he did *On Trial* for Sam Harris and me. The theme of that play was seduction provoking murder—but his real idea was to show the social and legal consequences of a major crime in a series of flashbacks.

During the run of *On Trial*, Bill Brady said, "If I get a play as good as that, I'll win back everything I've lost." Prophetic! He got a play better than that in *Street Scene*, and unless, like the grand old gambler he is, he's been waltzing around the stock market, *Street Scene* must have put Bill back on Easy Street.

Now and again some of the so-called broader critics rise to the defense of dirt by citing plot and lines of classics—Shakespeare principally. That's very much like comparing a garbage dump with Tiffany's. When



White Cargo made "a hideous picture," Mr. Cohan declares, "of a drunken white man's infatuation."



Olga Nethersole, he says, was "the original vamp."

Lysistrata was revived, the boys whooped it up. To our day and age it was spicy, piquant, salacious—but in pagan ancient Greece they didn't think so. And while we're reviving pagan prurience, it might not be a bad idea to restore other pagan practices, such as the hemlock cup, for the revivers.

They habitually point to Eugene O'Neill as a master unafraid of life in the raw. *Desire Under the Elms*, *The Hairy Ape*, *Anna Christie*, and *Strange Interlude* set a fashion, we are told, for an undimmed searchlight on human passions. But O'Neill, as a master, has restraint. He goes far, but not too far. I know. I originated an O'Neill role in *Ah, Wilderness*; and while some of my lines were pungent, as the father advising his son on the facts of life, they were precisely what a reasoning father would say to an irresponsible boy. They were not sullied for the sake of sensation.

And whatever we may think of his somber intellectual preoccupations, O'Neill is superbly original in idea and technique. Others mimic his moods without his gift.

Generally the classic dramatists kept human frailty in normal proportion; it was not their obsession. The late Charles Frohman and his surviving brother Daniel knew and know more about the classics than all the newcomers combined. But they were sound producers; they wouldn't even tolerate a French farce full of double meanings. And those boys did pretty well for themselves. So did David Belasco, another shrewd manager who liked the cash register as well as the next one—and heard it tinkle more merrily with the good things he did, such as the *Warfield* plays and *Tiger Rose*, than when he stooped to sex plays.

ACTORS themselves—real actors—when they talk about the damage dirt is inflicting on the theater, are inclined to blame the Hollywood influence. But while Hollywood is just as daffy as it ever was, it isn't as dirty now as it used to be. It had too great an investment at stake.

The entire intrusion of Hollywood into the legitimate theater is neither so potent nor so profitable as many actors think. Suppose you sell picture rights to a play for fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. It sounds big and easy money. And it is, for a non-hit play. Yet it doesn't begin to compensate for the vanished road revenues of a hit. Twenty and thirty years ago I've had as many as five road companies playing *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*, *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway*, and other straight and musical shows—and Sam Harris and I would figure it a poor week if we didn't net ten thousand dollars. And most of the companies would enjoy a thirty- or forty-week run. Figure that out as against the movie money of today, add the vital consideration that the income tax was then a joke, not a glutton—and it's

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apparent that, financially, the theater was better off without Hollywood. Artistically, save in improved mechanics, it was also superior. At least, I think so.

One of the fine things about my profession is the very real respect players have for their fellows—men and women—who have walked out on nasty parts. I can name a hundred actors who would sooner be Bowery bums than vomit the lines some of the boys are writing today. Actors have the average decent citizen's fervent distaste for filth.

This new slant that to be smart and sophisticated a play must be brutally frank has grown surprisingly since Frederick and Fanny Hatton made experiments in flashy social comedy with Lombardini, Ltd., and other plays on the same model. The playwrighting partnership of George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly improved on the Hattons. At that, if you pick Connelly's biggest triumph, it was the simple and moving *Green Pastures*; and when you look for Kaufman's best work, it isn't the hard-boiled *Dinner at Eight* but the grandly amusing *Merton of the Movies*, from the story by Harry Leon Wilson.

I'M glad I brought that one up, because it illustrates my point perfectly—that the dirt motif has greatly advanced in the last few years.

Merton of the Movies was the first hit movie satire, and it was simply swell because it had the approach of ridicule ripened with humor. A current hit movie play takes another approach, its central knot being a young woman in what we used to call an interesting condition. I saw both shows. To me *Merton* was delightful.

In hands like that the drama moves rapidly from exaggerated love interest to clinical realism, which it had in a much better play, *Men in White*. But there again the barefaced revelation of sex relations even in hospitals had some logic of situation to justify it.

You can't lay down any hard-and-fast rule for the theater that genius cannot change or contradict successfully. Just as the new idea that you

must have sex and profanity to pack 'em in is wrong, so is the old idea that you must have a theme of reclamation or love interest for a hit. The most thrilling performance I ever saw was the elder Guitry in *Pasteur*—a play based on Pasteur's discovery and application of his hydrophobia cure and the jealousy his success aroused among his fellows of the French Academy of Medicine. There was no female character in the cast. I understood hardly a word; but you didn't have to know French to understand Guitry—he was magnificent.

Incidentally, I had him booked for an American tour until Sacha, his son, intervened. I'd stake my reputation that he'd have captivated the theater lovers of this country.

These great European performers are so infused with the tradition of their theaters that cheapness and bawdiness are anathema. And the public of the great over there cherish their reputations to the point of reverence.

It's the memory of the fine players, of David Warfield, of Maude Adams, and scores of others, together with a confidence that other fine talent is growing and will come to do equally fine things—it is this combination that lets us hope. I think a day will come when an amazing genius like Noel Coward will find his best work, *Cavalcade*, far more worth doing than some of the tracts he seems to like. Or Clifford Odets, the newest sensation, who seems unwilling to restrain his vigor from vicious expression, may use his powers for real entertainment.

I've always admired the classic crack O. Henry made when somebody thought to flatter him by calling him the de Maupassant of America.

"That's wrong," said O. Henry. "I never wrote an unclean line in my life."

Meanwhile, since I've been beefing about the pigsty school of authoring and acting, what, you may ask, is the remedy? Quite simple. Do as old Major Funkhauser in *Chicago* used to do. When there's disorderly conduct on the stage, give it exactly the same treatment it gets anywhere else. Call the cops!

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

- 1—Senator Hiram W. Johnson.
- 2—No; from *Juniors* (soldiers of the state).
- 3—Chocolate and coffee.
- 4—Amelia Earhart.
- 5—Yes.
- 6—Robert E. Lee.
- 7—Bread.
- 8—The eighth.
- 9—In Westminster Abbey, London.
- 10—John the Baptist. "And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair."—Matthew 3: 4.
- 11—Eighty.
- 12—Mel Jensen.
- 13—The Kuro Siwo.
- 14—From the beginning.
- 15—Joseph B. Elwell. The murder has not been solved.
- 16—No; the exit would be in the Indian Ocean, thousands of miles from China.
- 17—Van Cortlandt Park.
- 18—The cow, with eight teeth in its lower jaw.
- 19—Decreased by about 500,000.
- 20—

Coral Fairbank

TO THE

Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

OUTDOOR men go for girls in red. . . . Elderly widowers like us in soft brown. . . . Sophisticated men prefer women in black. . . . The notion that men adore pink is pure bunk. . . . Few men can be mean to a girl in a blue dress.

Credit these observations to Maybelle Manning, the young Texas dressmaker who has careered so rapidly into prominence as one of our foremost American stylists. Back home at Fort Worth she created a *typical-Southern-gal* dress for a local department store; a New York manufacturer bought the idea, turned out thousands of her model—then Maybelle was on her way. Next she designed costumes for the Ziegfeld chorus, and from the late great Ziegfeld she learned a great clothes secret.

"He taught me," she says, "the importance of judging our clothes by how they look when we see ourselves in mirrors in public places.

That is really the only way we ever judge our appearance as critically as though we were looking at some one else. In private, with our own mirror at close range, we can't help giving ourselves too much benefit of doubt."

Maybelle rides horseback with true Texas giddyap, yet none of the big Paris couturières drape a skirt more expertly than she—which happens, my dears,

to be one of the top scores in the dressmaking game.

From Germany a traveling friend brings me news of an extraordinary change in the parental attitude toward wayward daughters. Nazi propaganda aimed at increased population, encouraging sympathy instead of blame for unmarried mothers, seems to be doing its work. My friend tells me about a country couple whose girl, their only child, came home from Berlin with an illegitimate infant. What do you think her folks said? They said: "Ach, we are growing old; we have no children in the family. It was *thoughtful* of her to give us one."

Smiling came one of America's busiest ladies, notebook in hand, to the library where her husband sat talking late with a man who had been invited to stay the night. She asked the guest what time he wanted to get up in the morning and what he would like for breakfast. He said eight o'clock, orange juice, soft-boiled egg, toast, coffee. Smiling, she wrote his answers down; smiling, departed. He was deeply touched. With words aglow he marveled aloud at the grace of her housewifely solicitude—and she *such* a busy woman. In the morning he was called; received his breakfast tray. Looked at his watch. Seven o'clock. Looked at the tray. Tomato juice, wheat cakes, jug of syrup, pot of tea. But he still thinks she's a wonderful lady.



MAYBELLE MANNING

After a while it may be difficult to manufacture lace curtains in the United States. The men who know how to make Nottingham lace are seventy or older, and young people aren't taking up the trade because of the long apprenticeship. The old lacemakers came here from England about fifty years ago; there was an English law against exporting lace machinery, but they smuggled their looms over *by hiding the separate parts in tubs of butter*. Now improved machinery retains the twisted thread of the Nottingham weave and has developed hand-

some new patterns.

The only trouble, says Elizabeth Wharton, is our lack of young skilled labor. Mrs. Wharton does research work for the lace industry. She showed me the new designs—some like curtains of frost crystal, others with flower figures or geometric treatment.

Friends have discovered with amazement that the length of my hair depends on political news from Europe. My hair stays decently long if things are quiet over there, but when the news gets hot I get a prizefighter's bob. To explain the cause of this phenomenon, I'll give you a sample of my French hairdresser's conversation, with his scissors snipping at me while he talks:

"Ah, madame [*snip, snip*], our leaders at home, they are rabbits! [*Snip, snippity snip*]. They allow Hitler and Mussolini to walk upon our faces. [*Snippity, snippity, snip*]. But we have taught them a lesson before, madame, and we will show them again! [*Snippity, snippity, snippity*]."

The day after the Germans marched into the Rhineland I came out of my hairdresser's place looking like a clipped French poodle.

Enjoyed reading Gypsy Petulengro's excellent autobiography, *A Romany Life*, filled with genuine information about gypsy ways and wisdoms. (Published by E. P. Dutton Co., Inc.)

Try this Italian dish. It is economical, different, and delicious.

Make it as follows: Brown 1-inch squares of parboiled eggplant lightly in butter. Arrange in deep baking dish with alternate layers of diced cold lamb and lightly fried onion slices. Use enough meat gravy to moisten. Pour on 1 cup strained tomato sauce, bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven. Now mix 1 cup corn, 2 beaten eggs, 3 tablespoons cream, salt, pepper, paprika. Cover contents of baking dish with this, turn off heat, and leave 10 minutes in hot oven. Then brown under grill.

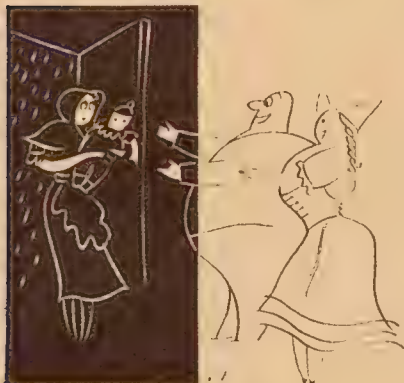


ILLUSTRATION BY
EDGAR MCGRAW

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

NEW THRILLS
IN A STARTLING
NOVEL OF CRIME
AND A STRANGE
ROMANCE—HAVE
YOU PENETRATED
THE MYSTERY OF
WHO WROTE IT?

Dark MASQUERADE



WHEN Betty Allison meets Hamilton Burton, New York's famed criminal lawyer, she is convinced that the scandalous rumors attached to his reputation are unfounded. Instead of the unscrupulous shyster his intimates know him to be, the young society girl believes him a champion of the poor and downtrodden. Even the added warning from photographer Jimmy Cronin, that "Ham" is alleged to be the legal head of an underworld gang, fails to shake her faith in him. Betty's mother, however, is not so

completely convinced of Burton's honesty and sincerity.

Burton, who sees in Betty's acquaintance a chance to realize his life's ambition—to be a gentleman in society—takes desperate steps to prevent her from learning his true character. To gain this end he finds that he must remove the two McCabe brothers, who know too much about his sinister connections in crime. Robert "Butch" McCabe, on trial for grand larceny, is convicted and sentenced to twenty years in Sing Sing. Burton defended him but managed to invoke the wrath of the



"I SAW ME TWO LADS COMING HOME
TO ME," SHE SAID. BURTON LAUGHED.

court—Judge Sludsky—and paved the way for the conviction.

To remove the other brother, Larry, Burton takes a more daring step. He kills Heinie Schwartz with Larry's gun and plants the evidence on the innocent owner. Larry, with Burton as defense, is convicted and sentenced to die.

Confident that the greatest obstacles have been removed, Ham applies his time to eliminating Julie Bowen, his secretary and former love, and the personable Cronin. Betty, in the meantime, has told Jimmy that she is in love with Burton.

She has also told Burton that she is to return to her school in Switzerland soon, and is to sail on the liner Selig Adler.

The scene shifts to Sing Sing, where Butch McCabe, after a brief talk with his condemned brother, realizes Burton has framed them. He swears revenge and, from an inmate known as Charley Needles, gets a promise of aid in escaping.

PART THREE—"DON'T YOU WANT ME?"

JULIE BOWEN walked into Hamilton Burton's private office. She opened her bag, took a yellow envelope from it, and threw it on some papers her employer was studying.

"An outside room on B deck," she said. "One of our de luxe cabins, Mr. Burton. Selig Adler superservice. A bar on every deck. And I hope you get seasick as hell."

She sat on the desk and pulled off her hat. From her still open bag she took a few bills and some change.

"Eight hundred bucks," she said, "not including the tax, and a tip for the boy who's getting your passport stamped."

"Thanks," Burton said. He thrust the envelope into his pocket. "Keep the change," he added.

"To hell with you! Keep it yourself. If it's a tip, it's too big. If it's a present, it's too damn little, and you know it."

Burton put the money into his right trousers pocket.

"You've got no kick coming, Julie," he said. "I've always treated you all right, haven't I?"

"Sure you have. You've let me in on all your little wormy secrets. You've given me more money than I know what to do with. You've even made very pretty love to me—at times, Mr. Burton. I ought to wish you all the happiness you deserve. Well—I do!"

"Julie," Ham protested, "I know how you feel. I'm sorry. But I've got to have that girl. She's the biggest thing in the world to me—the only thing. Maybe I'm crazy to give up this practice. Maybe I'm crazy to throw up all the rackets, burn all my bridges behind me, cut loose from every damn thing that's ever meant anything to me, and go chasing this girl, but I can't help it."

"You are crazy," Julie said, "crazy as I am to stick around you so long, to do what I've done for you. I could be a first-class crook myself, if I wanted to be, with the education you gave me. I feel like one."

"You're not yourself, Julie," Burton protested. "Take the afternoon off. Tell Buzz Carmody to give you that launch I was looking at a few weeks ago. I'll mail him a check tonight. You need a vacation, Julie. You been working too hard."

"Working too hard! That's good. Helping you get out from under, framing your enemies, sending them to jail—to the chair. I can't look a decent woman in the face. I wince every time I think of that old rip McCabe and her dirty crutch."

Burton leaped up and shook her.

"Pull yourself together, Julie," he said sharply, half in anger, half in fear.

Julie seized the opportunity to put her arms about his neck and kiss him. She did it languidly, as though she were weary, and as though it were the natural thing, the only thing to do.

"Good-by," she said. "Good-by. Good luck."

She released her arms, got wearily off the table.

Burton watched her walk out of the office.

That was over now. As it should be. He couldn't have Julie in his new office. He'd be married then. It wouldn't be right to have Julie around. People would talk. They'd say he wasn't a gentleman. And—and Julie wouldn't stay around anyway. She wasn't the kind that would play second fiddle to any one. A swell girl, Julie.

Some one was knocking timidly on his door.

"Come in," he called.

Mrs. McCabe came hobbling toward him.

Burton greeted her with a smile, sprang forward and helped her to the nearest chair.

"Hello, old lady," he said. "Glad to see you. Got some news for you. I'm preparing the appeal right now," he lied. "Don't worry about Larry. We'll spring him yet."

He looked at his watch.

"I'll be damned! Three o'clock and I haven't had a bite since breakfast. How about you, ma? Have something with me?"

"I will that," she replied.

He went to the door, flung it open, and beckoned to the first girl he saw.

"Tea for two," Burton said. "See what Mrs. McCabe would like. Duplicate it for me. Order anything you like, old lady. Then we'll talk."

They had almost finished eating when Betty came into the outer office. The switchboard girl connected her with Burton's private phone.

"It's I," Betty said. "Mother's shopping. So I came over here. Are you in conference?"

"No, Betty. I'll come right out and get you."

Betty was waiting, serene and beautiful in a blue dress and hat that matched her eyes.

"This is the nicest thing that's ever happened to me in all my life," he said with a smile. "Come in, Betty."

"I came down to see your office, Ham, and to tell you how sorry I am about—"

"About the McCabe case? I'm just sick over it. But I'm still fighting. There must be some way. I knew you'd feel that way. Oh, Mrs. McCabe's in my office now. We've just been having tea."

"I'd like to meet her, Ham."

"Really? Most women would avoid her like the plague."

He walked her proudly back through the lane of wondering eyes into his office.

"I'm Betty Allison, Mrs. McCabe!" Betty cried, going quickly to the old woman's side. "I wanted to tell you I believe absolutely in your son's innocence."

"Hum." Mrs. McCabe thrust a big spoonful of ice cream into her mouth.

Burton brought up a chair for Betty.

"Mr. Burton made a splendid fight for him," Betty went on, "and he's not through yet." She turned to look at Burton. She turned from him quickly. She seemed confused; so much so that Burton wondered at her.

Mrs. McCabe finished her ice cream and looked first at Betty, then at Burton.

"I knew Larry'd get the dirty end of the stick from that judge—the vinegar puss. Besides, I saw it all in the tea leaves."

"You can read tea leaves?" Betty asked.

From the tone of her voice Burton judged she was entirely disinterested. Something had happened to her.

"Can I read tea leaves? Of course I can! And it's Lawyer Burton's cup I'll read first."

SHE reached for the cup and held it in front of her wrinkled face, not looking at it for the moment.

"Me two fine b'ys are gone," she said. "But Lawyer Burton's more than a son to me."

"Mr. Burton is so kind," Betty said softly.

Burton moved around back of Mrs. McCabe. He must study Betty's face.

Mrs. McCabe looked into the cup for a long time. Finally she put the cup down.

"Give me the crutch," she said. "It's getting late. I must be going."

Burton, a little bewildered, put the crutch under her arm and helped her up.

"What did you see?" he asked.

"I saw me two lads coming home to me," she said.

Burton laughed but not heartily. Betty stared at him.

"I saw you crossing water—a long, long journey," Mrs. McCabe went on. "I saw you—"

She began to whimper, this woman who hadn't wept over the fate of her sons. She snatched his hand and put it quickly to her mouth and dropped it, and started hobbling out of the room.

"But the wish that lies closest to your heart, Lawyer Burton—you'll get it. I saw that. Good-by, Lawyer Burton. Good-by."

Burton followed her and bade a typist to help her to the street.

Betty was standing in the middle of the room when he returned. She was looking into a small rectangular mirror which she held in her left hand. With her right hand she was tidying her hair.

"Betty," Burton said, advancing toward her nervously, "something's happened to you in the last five minutes. What is it?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Let's get in the car and I'll drive you uptown," he suggested.

"No, thanks, I'll take the subway."

Burton couldn't say anything.

"YOUR secretary's gone?" Betty asked, stowing her mirror.

"Yes. How'd you know?"

"The switchboard girl intimated as much."

"Yes, she's gone. Quit me, just like that. After nearly ten years. Best secretary in New York. She—she's going to be married."

"She's very lovely."

Betty held out her right hand to him.

"Good-by, Ham," she said.

"Good-by? Betty, what is all this?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Only—I must be going."

"But it must be something. You come in here all smiles. Your manner suddenly changes. Either I've done something to you, or it was Mrs. McCabe."

"Nobody did anything to me. Nobody said a word."

She looked at him in a queer way.

"Darling," he said suddenly, "I don't know how I've hurt you. But I didn't mean to. I love you, Betty. I love you!"

"Mother will be waiting," she said. "Good-by. And thanks for everything, Ham."

He watched her walk away from him. He could not follow.

He sat weakly down in a chair.

Just what happened? he thought. Three women came in here this afternoon. Julie walked out mad—mad and jealous. Mrs. McCabe went out frightened—weeping over those damned tea leaves. Betty left—jealous. That's it! She was jealous! Of Julie!

Burton got up and walked to the windows.

Jealous! That means—it means she loves me! But why should Betty be jealous of Julie Bowen? She saw her only once—at the pier. Come to think of it, she acted a little jealous then.

Suddenly Burton remembered Julie's kiss.

"Lipstick!" he said aloud.

He snatched his handkerchief from his breast pocket. He wiped his lips, hard. He looked at the crimson stain on the clean white linen. He stared at it dumbly.

Convicted and sentenced, he thought. Circumstantial evidence.

The taxi skidded around a corner and stopped at the entrance to Carnegie Hall.

"Take good care of her, Dexter," Mrs. Allison bade him. "Bring her right home after the concert. She must have her full sleep tonight. There's so much to do tomorrow. I shan't stay late at Aunt Laura's. Good-by, Dexter. Remember what I said."

Dexter gave the taxi driver Aunt Laura's address, and waved to Mrs. Allison as the vehicle leaped away from the curb.



When he turned, Betty was at his elbow. She was talking to a modestly dressed couple standing just outside the entrance. The woman was Gertie, Mrs. Allison's maid. The man he did not know. Probably Gertie's young man, he thought.

He wasn't surprised when he saw Betty holding out two concert tickets to Gertie. He had known instinctively that Betty didn't intend to waste her last night in New York on a concert. He had wondered, when Mrs. Allison asked him to be Betty's escort, what Betty had in mind. He still wondered.

In exchange for the tickets Gertie handed Betty a program.

"It's so kind of you, Miss Betty," she said. "I wanted so much to hear this concert. If it wasn't for you—"

"That's all right," Betty said quickly. "Just don't let mother know anything about it. Have a good time."

She nodded brightly to Gertie's young man, took Dexter's arm and walked with him to the corner.

"Let's get a cab," she said.

"Where are we going?" Dexter asked. He didn't much care. He was going to be alone with Betty—for a little time anyway. Maybe he'd get up nerve enough to tell her he loved her and ask her to be his wife.

He helped Betty into the cab.

"We're going to a party in Greenwich Village," Betty answered. She gave the address to the driver.

"Who's giving this party?" Dexter demanded.

"A swell egg named Jimmy Cronin," Betty said. "You remember Jimmy, don't you? The photographer? I haven't seen him since the McCabe trial. He called me up this morning. A few friends of his will be there. It'll be fun."

Dexter groaned.

Betty was surprised to find herself wanting to rush up the four flights of stairs, surprised to realize the party meant but one thing to her—seeing Jimmy Cronin.

All the way to the top Dexter grumbled, when he could find breath.

"Stop crabbing, Dexter. We're here for some fun."

She hammered on the door. It opened and Jimmy stood there smiling down upon her.

"Betts!" he cried.

He picked her up, his hands under her arms, swung her around in the narrow entrance, and put her carefully down again.

"This is grand!"

He grasped Dexter's hand and pumped it heartily.

"Come in, man," he said, "come in. You're standing in a draft."

He led them down a narrow hallway.

"Throw your bonnet and shawl in here, Betty," he said, showing her into a room on his left. "Dexter, stack your hat in the gents' room over there."

HE darted into a room at the end of the corridor and came back with a streamlined young woman with a glass in her left hand. She held it carelessly. It was almost empty.

"Mabel," he said, "this is my friend Dexter. He's a grand guy, especially with a drink or two in him. Introduce him to the gang, will you? Dexter, this is Mabel, one of your three hostesses. I've told her all about you. She's crazy to know you better."

"Any girl would be," Mabel laughed. "C'm'on, Dexter sweetie, let's get drinking. I'm one up on you already."

She grabbed Dexter's hand and ran him the length of the corridor before he had a chance to protest.

"Dexter's first wild oat," Betty said. "Jimmy, you bribed that girl to do that, didn't you?"

"I had to be alone with you," he said. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all," she admitted. "In fact—I rather like it."

The apartment was a series of little rooms, mostly

bedrooms, it seemed to Betty, with one big room they called the studio. It was full of people, every one of them with a glass in his hand. Jimmy walked her through the place, introducing her to nobody. He opened a tiny pair of French windows and escorted her out into a sort of pulpit balcony with a cement floor and a curved wrought-iron parapet.

"I'd begun to think you weren't coming, Betty," he said softly. "I was in despair. I thought maybe you'd run away with that shyster, Ham Burton."

She looked at the lights spread there before her.

Back of one of those twinkling glass stars in the Chambers Street Tower to the south and east, a great lawyer worked late over a mass of papers, tipping his chair back now and then to snatch a moment of dreams, to caress a boutonniere, to look at a picture of a schoolgirl taken on a boat, to mutter the girl's name fondly, familiarly, as something that was his—"Betty!"

West of the Hudson a forger labored diligently over a passport, and stopped now and then to remember the gray stone walls of Sing Sing and the faces of Charley Needles and Butch McCabe. He looked at his work through a high-powered magnifying glass, and decided it was good.

UNDER the lights of a pier and a great luxurious ocean liner, men worked like ants, carrying cargo; and in an office across the street a man sat scanning a passenger list and a colored chart of the first-class space, that he might decently house two nuns.

"New York!" Betty whispered. "I'll miss it terribly."

"And New York will miss you

desperately. So will Mrs. Cronin's little boy."

"What have you been doing, Jimmy? I've missed you a lot."

"You're an awful liar but sweet. I know you haven't missed me. I'm modest. I know I'm only small talk compared to the great mouthpiece."

"Burton?"

"Don't look that way, Betty. You're as easy to read as a newspaper headline. You haven't forgotten I'm privy to the big secret of your girlish heart. You love that mug, don't you?"

He stared down into the lights and shadows seething below them.

"I'm not in love with him any more," Betty said.

"Oh, a lovers' quarrel! Is that why you came tonight—to show him you didn't care? To make him jealous?"

"No. I just thought I loved him, Jimmy. I wasn't sure. There wasn't any quarrel. I—just found out."

"You found out he's a crook?"

"No. Of course not. I hate you when you talk like that. You know how I really feel about Burton? I feel like I'm going into a strange world when I'm with him, somewhere I've never been before. When I'm with Dexter it's all a smooth park—and not many trees."

Jimmy edged a little closer.

"Dexter's all right," he said. "Tell me, where do I fit into your landscape?"

"You're Coney Island. You're a merry-go-round. You're the chute-the-chutes. You're an up-and-down whiz on the roller coaster, excitement, fun—but is it art? Is it real?"

Jimmy pondered that.

"You'll probably wind up married to Dexter," he said, without levity, without heat. "He's your kind. Burton isn't. Neither am I."

Betty shook her head. "You're wrong," she said. "I didn't say I didn't like Coney Island." She paused. "But love's so serious, Jimmy. It really is. And I don't want to make any mistakes. I don't want to be disillusioned."

"You've got lots of time yet," Jimmy said. "You're only eighteen. You're going back to school tomorrow."



Maybe the problem will answer itself in dear old Switzerland. What may I get you to drink? Milk?"

"Gin."

"Over my dead body. Milk, you said?"

"Sometimes I hate the very sight of you, Jimmy Cronin," she declared. "You can be so dumb!"

He took her into his arms. Against her will he held her tightly. Against her will he bent and kissed her. Against his will he freed his arms of her.

"I adore you," he said.

"Do you, Jimmy?" she asked softly. "You really do?"

Again he kissed her. Again and again. After a time she awoke to realization.

"What time is it? I must phone mother."

Jimmy led her into one of the bedrooms. He closed the door to dim the babel of noise. He turned on the light in the red-shaded lamp on the bed table and handed her the phone. He walked to the door and snapped out the overhead light.

Betty's face was a rosy glow. She was sitting on the bed, her legs drawn up under her. Her eyes were still ashine with wonder. Jimmy sat beside her.

Betty called the number and held up her lips to be kissed. In the midst of the kiss she heard her mother's voice. She jerked her head away.

"Don't bother calling for me, mother," she said. "I'm having the grandest time. We'll take a taxi home, Dexter and I. . . . Oh, yes, of course I remember. Yes, mother. But I thought you might have forgotten."

She put her palm over the receiver.

"Mother wasn't going to call for me anyway," she said.

"I forgot. You made me forget. I love you."

"I adore you," Jimmy answered.

"Yes, mother. They've just finished Beethoven's Ninth. It was glorious!"

Jimmy turned out the light on the bed table. He felt he had to.

"The intermission's over, mother. The lights just went out. I've got to go. Good-by."

Jimmy realized with a thrill that Betty was trying hard to make her voice sound steady and calm. He heard the click as the receiver met the hook. He groped for Betty, felt the telephone thrust into his hands. He put it hastily back on the bed table.

"Darling!" he said.

He found her easily, held her close to him, held her tight. She was soft, yielding. Her partly open lips were hot, moist, ineffably sweet. And ah! but they were eager.

"Betty!" he said, pronouncing her name like a sigh.

"Betty, will you marry me?"

His voice was tender but it was respectful too.

She didn't want respect. She wanted passion, vehemence, a man's will making her obey.

"I'll marry you," she said, "tonight."

He was actually dismayed. He stepped away from her.

"You mean—tonight? Right now?"

"Right now. This very minute."

SHE could have slapped him for his hesitation. Anger swept over her. Anger and shame. How could she hurt him? Inspiration came.

"I'd rather marry you than go back to school," she said.

The light was snapped on so suddenly it hurt her eyes.

Jimmy stood a few feet away from her, glaring at her. He reached out and caught her shoulders.

"I'll marry you when I'm damn good and ready," he said. "I want to be somebody first, to make something of myself. I want to be able to support you. I've got less than a dime. You'll have to wait."

"So I'll have to wait," she said. "Not any longer than it takes to get out of this house. There are at least two men I can marry tonight."

"Sure. I know all about that. But you're my girl now. And you'll wait for me." He said it tenderly, but all the while he held her with his two big hands.

"Let me get out of here," she said scornfully.

"Betts!" His hands released her.

"Don't call me Betts. I abhor that name. And please bring Dexter here."

But that wasn't necessary, for a crowd of revelers spilled suddenly into the room, Dexter in the van, a little tipsy but very exuberant.

"Yay, Betty!" he shouted. "Yay, team!"

He jumped up and down like a cheer leader.

"B-E-T-T-Y. Betty! Team! Team! Team!"

Betty laughed gaily, much too gaily.

"I've been looking all over for you, Betty," Dexter complained. "Come on, let's dance."

"Sorry," Betty answered. "I've just been talking to mother. We must go home at once. Find my cape, Dexter."

It was Jimmy who found the cape. He put it around Betty's shoulders.

"I'll take you home, Betty," Jimmy said.

"I couldn't think of troubling you." She held out her hand to Jimmy in farewell. "I don't know who the hostess is," she said. "I haven't been introduced. But please tell her I've had a most enjoyable evening, won't you, Mr. Cronin?"

"I'm glad you got so much fun out of it," Jimmy answered. "Good-by, Betty. Good luck. Smooth sailing. I'll be there to see you off. Good night, Dexter. Thanks for coming."

"Not at all," said Dexter. "Not at all."

HE peered at Betty owlshly as they started down the stairs.

"Something's wrong with you," he said.

"Don't be ridiculous, Dexter. I've never been happier in my life. Come on, we're going places. We're going to celebrate my last night in New York."

"Let's grab a cab," said Dexter quickly, "and go through the park."

He grew bolder as they drove; surer of himself.

"Betty," he began, "I l-l-l-l—"

He was exasperated. To think that he should stutter now, when he had never stuttered before in his whole life!

"Like?"

"No. I l-l-l-l—I swear I don't know what's the matter. I can't say it."

"Oh, Dexter," she laughed, "you're really funny. I knew what you meant all the time, and you knew I knew. You were just trying to be funny, weren't you?"

"No, Betty, I was trying to say I love you."

There! It was out!

"Dexter!" she cried. "You want to marry me! Oh, Dexter!"

At first he thought she was crying. But he saw she was laughing, laughing with a happiness so great it was almost like heartbreak.

"Marry me tonight," she said. "Now. Let's elope this minute. What do you say, Dexter?"

"Betty, it isn't the gin?"

"Gin? Don't you want me?"

"Want you!"

He took her awkwardly into his arms. He felt himself kissing her nose.

She was laughing again in that funny way.

"Go immediately to the Hotel Bellcliff," he told the driver. "Wait there for us. And you'd better fill up with gasoline."

He turned back to Betty.

"Oh, Betty," he said, "I'm so happy I could die. We'll go to your hotel. You pack what you need. I have a friend in Yonkers. He can get the license for us. I know a minister in Harrison."

Timidly he put one arm about her. He kissed her cheek. She buried her face on his shoulder.

"It's all right," she told herself. "He does love me. It'll do. It'll have to do."

"Mrs. Allison is in," the clerk at the Bellcliff announced.

A frightened look passed between Betty and Dexter.

"She isn't badly hurt," he said, misunderstanding it.

"Hurt? Mother hurt?"

"You hadn't heard? But I thought— It's really nothing, Miss Allison, nothing at all. A broken ankle, I believe. The doctor is with her."

Betty raced to the nearest elevator. Dexter held her hand as the cage shot upward.

istic garment—was lying at full length on the bed in her own room, her right foot propped up on a heap of pillows. The doctor, his coat off, was putting the last adhesive strip into place.

"I've broken my ankle," Mrs. Allison said. "Don't cry. I don't feel any pain. Dr. Tussock's given me a few pills. I stepped out of the elevator on to that slippery foyer. Did you have a good time, darling?"

Betty put her arm gently about her mother and kissed her, and cried a little, and murmured words of sympathy. Dexter awkwardly helped the doctor on with his coat.

Some one came out of the next room.

"We're in luck, Mrs. Allison."

Betty looked up and saw Hamilton Burton. For an instant she forgot her mother's injury.

"Hello, hello, Betty," Burton said. "I'm dreadfully sorry about your mother. But it is so nice to see you both again! I came to say good-by. Read you were here. I came just in time. They were carrying your mother in on a stretcher."

"It's been a pleasure to have you," Mrs. Allison said.

Burton smiled. He affected to see Dexter for the first time, and nodded to him.

Dexter turned his back on Burton and addressed himself to the patient.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. "If there's anything I can do—"

"Thanks, Dexter. That's very kind of you. And very like you. You might see Betty to the boat tomorrow evening."

"I'll be glad to, Mrs. Allison. But—don't you think Betty ought to stay with you until—until you're able to walk?"

"And miss Alice's wedding? Alice would never forgive her, nor me. But don't worry, Dexter. She'll have a proper chaperon. Mr. Burton has been kind enough to call up a friend of his—"

"The manager of the steamship line," Burton interrupted. "I told him Betty simply must sail and he had to find a chaperon for her. He just called to assure me—"

"But I don't want a chaperon!" Betty cried with a sudden flare of temper. "If I must go without you, mother, I'll go alone. I'm not a child any more. I—"

At her mother's mournful expression, Betty's anger died.

"Go on, Mr. Burton," Mrs. Allison said. "Betty didn't mean to interrupt so rudely, I'm sure."

"There are two Catholic nuns," Burton said, "Sisters of St. Joseph. They're sailing on the Selig Adler tomorrow night, making a pilgrimage to Lourdes. They have a big stateroom, the best on the ship, my friend tells me. And the manager says he's sure we can arrange to have Betty share that room with the nuns."

"How lovely!" Mrs. Allison cooed.

Betty went with the doctor into the corridor. Dexter followed, while Burton sat down by the bed.

"Now tell me," Betty bade the doctor, "just how serious is this?"

"Well, a broken ankle is what a broken axle is to a motorcar. But there's nothing you can do. You can sail with a clear conscience, Miss Allison."

He vanished into the maw of the elevator.

"And that," Dexter said, "stops everything. We can't elope now."

"It's all right," she said to comfort her.

But he knew it wasn't. It would never be right again. And there never would be such another mad moment, perhaps, in all her life.

It was late when Betty and Dexter walked up the gangplank on to the deck of the Selig Adler. Betty had contrived that purposely. She wanted no long farewells.

A white-coated steward showed her to her room. Priscilla Edmond was waiting there, with half a dozen boys and girls both she and Dexter knew.

There were two small severe black bags at the foot of one of the beds. One was marked "Sister Borromeo, Le Havre," the other, "Sister Angelica, Le Havre." On the dresser was a silver crucifix.

"Let's go out on deck!" shouted Priscilla. "They may be back any minute."

She showered her packages on the bed, and the others followed her example.

Betty took Priscilla's arm.

"Have you seen Mr. Burton?" she asked. "Or Jimmy Cronin?"

"Not a sign of them."

They had scarce reached the promenade deck than a whistle blew and a boy went around beating a gong and all over the ship men's voices began to chant, "All ashore that's goin' ashore."

Dexter was the last to leave.

Betty had never seen his eyes so big and solemn.

"Dexter," Betty wailed, "I can't find Jimmy. I can't find Burton."

"MAYBE they've gone down to your room by another companion," Dexter suggested. "Let's go down, shall we?"

He hoped for a few moments of privacy so he might kiss her good-by.

"Let's," she said.

But neither Jimmy nor Burton was in the stateroom. The white-coated steward was there, and one of the sisters.

"This is Sister Angelica," the steward introduced her, "Miss Allison. Sister Borromeo, she was took sick at the last moment, so she ain't sailing. But Sister Angelica will be happy to watch out for you, she says."

Sister Angelica's black veil hid most of her face. She bowed.

"So glad to see you, Sister Angelica," Betty said. "This is

Dexter Putnam, sister."

"Pleasure," Dexter managed to say. "Good-by, Betty!" he cried. "God bless you!"

He turned and fled.

He squirmed his way into the crowd on the pier, and stood there, watching the ship's railing.

Betty saw him. She blew him a kiss, saw delight blossom in his face.

She saw Priscilla, and waved to her, and tossed a blue streamer at her. Her eyes came back to Dexter again.

And now, she saw, Dexter's face was a map of horror. He wasn't looking at her but at some one behind her, on her left. She turned quickly.

Was it Burton? Jimmy? Betty gets the first big surprise of the trip right there. And many others are in store for her in next week's installment, when convict Butch McCabe, determined to clear his doomed brother and avenge the frame-up, moves into the picture again.

Keyhole Kartoons

by John W. Elliott

WILLIAM E. BORAH

CONSIDERED THE STAGE BUT BECAME A LAWYER. HIS FIRST OFFICE, IN BOISE, WAS OVER A BREWERY. HERE HE WORKED AT A SECOND-HAND PINE DESK AND SLEPT ON A BLANKET. HIS ORATORY BROUGHT NATIONAL FAME.



ENTERING THE SENATE IN 1907, HE IS BEST KNOWN OF ALL OUR SENATORS INTERNATIONALLY.

Secrets of New York's

The Strange Case of the Strangled Beauty and the 20,000 Suspects . . . A True Crime Story Complete in This Issue

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EARLY in 1931, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the State of New York was investigating vice conditions in New York City. Samuel Seabury, who later brought about the political downfall of Mayor Jimmy Walker, was in charge.

On February 7, a woman named Vivian Gordon wrote a letter to the counsel of the investigating committee stating that she had "some information in connection with a frame-up by a police officer and others which I believe will be of great aid to your committee."

On February 20, she called by invitation at the office of the committee and said she had been wrongfully arrested as a prostitute. She was told to go out and get proofs. This she promised to do.

On February 26, before she could make good her promise, her half-naked body was found dead on the side of a lonely road near the Moshulu Parkway entrance to Van Cortlandt Park.

Feeling was already running high against the police. The Seabury investigation had been front-page stuff for weeks. A stool pigeon had just confessed that he had worked with members of the vice squad to frame respectable women on charges of prostitution, and had shared with the policemen in the resulting extortion graft. Some of the women had come forward and backed up the charges. It was a bad mess.

Here, yelled the tabloid press, was another case of the same sort, which had been summarily dealt with in advance—*perhaps by the police themselves.*

"This is not so much the murder of a woman," thundered Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and the Rev. John Haynes Holmes of the New York Committee on Civic Affairs, "as a notice by criminals and gangsters inside and outside of the Police Department, on and off the magistrates' bench, that inquiry into and exposure of all organized criminality will meet with swift and awful punishment."

From our standpoint the situation was a grave one. This Vivian Gordon case paralleled so closely the famous Rosenthal case of 1912. In that year the gambler Herman Rosenthal went to the then District Attorney, Charles S. Whitman, with the story that Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, head of the strong-arm squad, had virtually been a partner in his, Rosenthal's, gambling house in the Roaring Forties.

Before the informer could repeat his story to the grand jury, four gangsters—"gunmen" they were then called—allegedly in the employ of Becker, set upon Rosenthal as he was coming out of the old Metropole on Broadway near Forty-second Street, and riddled his paunchy body with bullets.

Charlie Becker fried for that murder—and now, in 1931, the demands were long and loud that *some* policeman, the bigger the better, should pay with his life for the murder of Vivian Gordon.

The fact that she was a prostitute—had herself pleaded guilty to the charge—made no difference. Neither did the fact that she had served two terms in Bedford Reformatory for similar offenses; had twice been arrested for intoxication

Top: Vivian Gordon, after whose murder every policeman in New York had "a smudge on his shield." Below: Her daughter Benita, a suicide, and her former husband, John Bischoff.

Homicide Squad

by

A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

and disorderly conduct, and once for extortion; and had about as unsavory a reputation in the white-light region as any female could have.

The public, as represented by the sensational press and the professional reformers, demanded a victim.

In the circumstances, Police Commissioner Mulrooney was not surprised—nor pleased—to receive by special messenger from Judge Seabury a note which ended:

“May I ask you to apprise me of the circumstances surrounding the death of Vivian Gordon?”

Edward P. Mulrooney had been thirty-four years on the force before being elevated to the Commissionership. He may or may not have been what Mayor Walker once called him, “the greatest living policeman,” but to my mind he was the best head of the Police Department New York ever had. Certainly he loved the Department, and valued its reputation as he did his own.

I was present when he read Seabury’s note. It was one of the few times I ever knew him to explode.

“Vivian Gordon was a so-and-so and so-and-so and so-and-so! But,” he added solemnly, “until this case is cleared up, every policeman in New York has a smudge on his shield.”

FROM the moment Harry Francis, a truckman, reported his discovery of the body, the intricate machinery of the Department had been steadily turning. The call reached the Bathgate Station at 6.50 A. M. Detective Sweeney of the Fiftieth Precinct and Detective Dinan of the Bronx Homicide Squad responded quickly. So did Dr. Louis Lefkowitz, Assistant Medical Examiner.

They found the body of an expensively dressed woman, apparently between thirty-five and forty, lying on its side in a ravine about ten feet from the drive. The woman had startling red hair. Her black velvet dress was pulled high above her waist, disclosing pink silk step-ins, sheer gun-metal stockings, and an expanse of intervening white flesh. One of her black suede pumps was missing. She wore a chic black hat, but—although it was February—no coat; and, except for a small bar pin and a necklace of imitation pearls, no jewelry.

Around her throat, besides the pearls, was a tightly drawn noose—a piece of a much used and very dirty clothesline. Dr. Lefkowitz figured that she had died from strangulation five hours before. There was no evidence that she had been criminally assaulted.

Clearly just another gangster murder, with robbery as the motive. A woman so expensively dressed would have had a costly fur coat and valuable jewelry. Some one who coveted these had simply taken her for a ride and garroted her. However, as part of their routine, Sweeney and Dinan took her fingerprints.

Then it was that she was discovered to be Vivian Gordon—Rogues’ Gallery Picture No. B-84048—blackmailer, racketeer, and woman of the town.

This revelation did not change our opinion that the murder was a plain gangster killing—but the high command at Centre



Top: Commissioner Mulrooney, who proved the shields clean. Below: Harry Stein, Sam Greenberg, and (at bottom) Harry Schlitten. How much did they know about the Gordon murder?

END OF THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE



HE fell from the bar with the greatest of ease when the fumes from that gooey briar got him. Won't some usher please rush out for a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh's peaceful blend—and let the show go on? Sir Walter burns slower, cooler. The air stays cleaner, your tongue stays calmer, and its delightful aroma wins applause from any crowd. Sales go up and up as smoker after smoker finds Sir Walter Raleigh the answer to a pipe-lover's prayer for mildness and fragrance. Sold everywhere. Ever tried it?

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-65

How to
TAKE CARE of
your PIPE

Street knew that the afternoon papers would flare with sensational stories of how this underworld figure had been blotted out on the eve of her promised disclosures about the police.

Within an hour Vivian Gordon's luxuriously furnished three-room apartment at 156 East Thirty-seventh Street, in the fashionable Murray Hill section, received an assemblage including Commissioner Mulrooney, District Attorney, now New York Supreme Court Justice, Charles B. McLaughlin of the Bronx; Chief Inspector John J. Sullivan, Inspector John A. Lyons, and Captain Richard F. Oliver, Headquarters' three ace detectives; Inspector Henry Bruckman of the Bronx, Deputy Inspector James Griffiths, and a picked detail of us Headquarters veterans.

Awed employees of the apartment house promptly supplied details as to Vivian Gordon's departure from her home the evening before. She had gone out, according to William Wheaton, the elevator man, at about 11.30. She was alone, and wore an expensive mink coat.

To judge from the elaborate wardrobe hanging in the closets, she had been solvent, all right enough.

Fortunately, we already knew a good deal about this woman who called herself Vivian Gordon. She was born Benita Franklin, the daughter of John Franklin, former warden of the State Prison at Joliet, Illinois; and, curiously, had once been the wife of a prison official in another state, John C. Bischoff. In the intervening years she had attended school in the Roman Catholic Convent of the Ladies of Loretto, at Guelph, Ontario, where she had been known as insubordinate, moody, and ill-tempered.

At eighteen she had left the convent, toured with second-rate theatrical companies, met and married Bischoff in Charleston, South Carolina. She had lived with him, chiefly in Philadelphia, until 1921, when with her six-year-old daughter, also named Benita, she left for New York, determined to give the white lights a whirl.

IN New York she took up the ancient profession of streetwalking. Our boys in the Times Square district got to know her well. She was a girl who would do anything; and as a result she did an underworld female Horatio Alger rise from a rented room in a fourth-floor back to a Murray Hill apartment.

One hates to think of the life the child Benita must have lived those first two years in the rented room. She was rescued from it by a most extraordinary sequence of events in the spring of 1923.

The Gordon woman's performances in shaking men down for whatever money they had on them were becoming so brazen that finally one of our vice patrolmen, Andrew J. McLaughlin, clamped down on her; and on March 18, 1923, Magistrate H. Stanley Renaud sentenced her to an indefinite term in Bedford Reformatory.

She took the rap calmly enough at the time; but it was this patrolman, Andy McLaughlin, whom she named eight years later, on her now famous visit to the Seabury Committee, as having conspired with her then husband, Bischoff, to frame her on the immorality charge as a ground for divorce.

On the face of things, then, it did look as if there were something funny about that divorce; for on the very day that the wife got her sentence, the husband got his decree.

Immediately John Bischoff rushed to New York, found his child crying her heart out in her mother's deserted room, took her away with him, and placed her in the home of his mother at Audubon, New Jersey, where she was living happily, a girl of sixteen, when the Vivian Gordon scandal broke.

SHE had gone completely out of the life of her strayward mother, but, alas, the mother had not gone out of her life. She had returned through the public prints to make that life no longer endurable. Five days after her mother's body was discovered, the high-strung sixteen-year-old girl turned on the gas and lay down to die, leaving this message: "This has got to be too much for me. I can't stand it any longer."

Even as a streetwalker Vivian Gordon had had big ideas. From the first she had wanted, and usually got, all her customer had on him. Sometimes this extra cut was not more than five dollars, but sometimes it was five hundred, and eventually she decided to put her working capital into an up-to-the-minute sales force.

Before long she had a fleet of bell-hops, doormen, and taxi drivers, whose business it was not only to steer the richer drunks her way but to learn as far as possible just how rich they were. If the visitor turned out to be a married man, and she took no others if she knew it, that was just too bad for him.

It was a good racket while it lasted, but Vivian, always inclined to plumpness, grew no thinner. She was still beautiful in a florid, voluptuous way, and could take as good care as she ever did of the trade that liked that type. But the old boys—the ones with the real dough—preferred the cuties. So Vivian laid in a stock of what her public wanted.

A diary found in her apartment contained the names of more than forty girls who worked regularly with her. She supplied them singly or in job lots. Her cut on the party business brought in a nice regular income. It was a good come-on, too, for the real dough.

The same diary that gave the names of the forty girls also listed 560 big shots in almost every state in the Union who were money prospects for Vivian's operatives whenever they were in the great city, and easy marks for her blackmailing letters when they were home with their families.

"Vivian Gordon was an expert

racketeer, commented Commissioner Mulrooney after reading these entries. "When she supplied pretty women for gay parties, the girls were always instructed to find out the names, social positions, and financial standings of all the men."

One of the most successful of the girls on Vivian's list was said to be—well, let us call her Jane Doe—then living at 1197 Grand Concourse in the Bronx. According to this Jane's own story, she was assigned to work on Henry McDonald Joralemon, a sixty-nine-year-old sportsman, philanthropist, and writer, who, by another one of those astounding coincidences which marked the whole course of this astounding case, died of apparently natural causes in a New York hotel the day Vivian Gordon was slain.

Joralemon, according to Jane, was "very generous to girls who pleased him." For example, he gave little Jane herself a paltry \$30,000. Jane claims she gave \$25,000 of it for investment, at Vivian's suggestion, to one John A. Radeloff, a lawyer of 66 Court Street, Brooklyn, who was Vivian's attorney.

Whether Vivian regarded this twenty-five grand as her cut, or Radeloff regarded it as a fee, Jane didn't get the income on her "investment" which she expected, and was very dissatisfied with Radeloff as her man of business. So, for that matter, was Vivian.

Radeloff himself was apparently not overhappy in the relationship. More than two years before the murder, according to Vivian's diary, he had not only threatened to have her snuffed out by one Sam Cohen, but had gone so far as to suggest that he, Radeloff, might also remove his collars and shirts from Vivian's Thirty-seventh Street apartment. He didn't seem to like some of the things Vivian threatened to tell his wife.

OTHER names appeared in Vivian's books besides those on her sugar-daddy lists. These were apparently fellow workers in her trade—Broadway males who tipped her off on the good things—and personal friends of sorts. As she grew more affluent, she would loan some of these males money, listing the loans on the days they were made, and noting their repayments, if any. One rather large loan, \$1,500, was made to a Charles Reuben, of whom we could find no record at Headquarters. This loan was apparently never repaid, but appeared on a sort of balance sheet she later drew up, opposite the name Harry Saunders.

After the first of these two entries Vivian had penciled the letters O-S-L-O.

The Oslo item got us all down until some one thought of Oslo, Norway. Then began a patient searching of the passenger lists of all ships leaving New York harbor for Norway subsequent to the date of the loan. Finally, in the ship's company of the Berengaria, which sailed to the north

countries on a pleasure trip July 20, 1929, we found the name Charles Reuben. Further investigation revealed that he occupied a stateroom with two other men, one of whom was listed as Sam Cohen.

Obviously we had not too few clues but too many when Mulrooney and Oliver sat down with a few of us picked men—including Detectives Walsh, Maguire, Casey, Cook, Reilly, Pfyffe, and McGlynn—to list the suspects.

First, there was Patrolman Andrew J. McLaughlin, whom Vivian had accused of conspiring with Bischoff to frame her. And of course there was Bischoff himself. Either man, if Vivian could have proved her story, might be considered to have had reason to wish her out of the way.

"That goes for every one of those five hundred sugar daddies too," I ventured to remark.

"It does!" exclaimed one of the chiefs—I think it was Mulrooney himself—"and for every one of the nineteen thousand men in the Department too!"

AS for Radeloff and his friend Cohen, who had apparently sailed with the mysterious Mr. Reuben, they were both sure-enough suspects; as was, of course, though rather more vaguely, Mr. Reuben himself.

It was an imposing list, nearly twenty thousand in all, but every one of us knew where the Commissioner would begin. "Get McLaughlin!" he said.

Easier said than done. Three days before the murder, Andy McLaughlin had left town on a six-day trip to Bermuda. This was, of course, what might be called a watertight alibi. On the other hand, critics of the Department naturally looked on it as a ruse to cover a possible indirect connection with the crime. The tabs made the most of it, you can be sure of that.

When McLaughlin came back, it was just as we thought. Under rigid questioning, he readily admitted remembering the prostitution conviction of nearly eight years ago. He also volunteered the information that he had received a threatening letter from the woman as late as January 19 of the current year, but that he had not connected the letter or its writer with Vivian Gordon, because it was signed "B. F. B.," the initials standing for Benita Franklin Bischoff, the name under which she had been convicted. The letter, which he produced, bore out his statement.

McLaughlin had a good record in the Department, and still has—for it was soon apparent to all fair-minded men that he had had nothing to do with the murder.

As to the frame-up charge, Bischoff appeared voluntarily, and brought with him his Pennsylvania divorce papers. These showed, not only that his suit had been brought long before the woman's arrest on the immorality charge, but that the decree had been granted not on the

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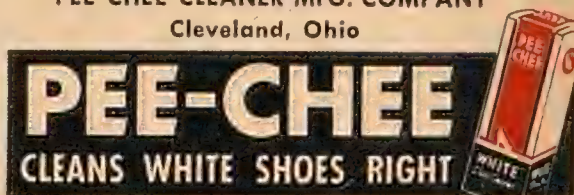
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grounds Vivian Gordon alleged but on the formal one of "cruel and barbarous treatment." It was obvious that he, too, had had no hand in his ex-wife's death.

Two of the most likely suspects were thus eliminated from the case. But some of the others presented more difficult problems. The 560 sugar daddies for instance. It was conceivable, in fact probable, that a large number of these foolish men had had good reason to wish to silence forever the blackmailing tongue of Vivian Gordon. But there were so many of them, and they lived in so many different places, that a complete checkup seemed next to impossible.

Nevertheless, detectives promptly jumped on trains running out of New York in every landward direction. The more promising sugar daddies were reached quickly. Greatly embarrassed, they told their stories, confirming what we already knew as to the woman's methods but offering no clue as to the probable murderer.

Radeloff was more easily accessible. In fact, we rounded him up that very first morning, and took him to the apartment for questioning. He turned out to be a handsome, black-haired, outwardly clean-cut chap with no criminal record. However, the case against him, based on the dead woman's diaries, was a strong one. He had threatened to have her killed. He had quoted his confederate, Cohen, as saying, "We'll take her out somewhere. No one will know what happened to her. Every identification will be missing, especially that ring."

This entry was made two full years before Vivian Gordon met her death, and it described accurately the way she was to meet it—even to "that ring," a \$2,500 bauble which she was known to possess but which was missing, along with her \$2,000 fur coat and \$660 wrist watch, after the night of the murder.

Radeloff apparently had plenty of reason for desiring to get rid of Vivian. He had sizable amounts of her money "for investment," and she had been trying to get it back. "It wouldn't surprise me a bit," she had written in her little black book, "if he'd try to grab all that money." And, as noted, he apparently had reason to fear what she might tell his wife.

In the presence of the D. A. and the big boys of the Department, however, he was imperturbable. "Laugh it off!" That was his motto. And he laughed so hard and so loud that the best we could do, although we suspected that he knew more than he was telling, was to get him held in fairly prohibitive bail as a material witness.

Incidentally, Radeloff had an alibi which would have been hard to shake before a jury: his wife and several friends were prepared to testify that they had been with him in another part of the city at the hour when the Medical Examiner said the crime was committed.

SAM COHEN also had an unshakable alibi, not only for the night of the murder but for the alleged trip to Norway. We were forced to set down the similarity in names in the latter instance to coincidence. Moreover, Sam proved his own best witness. We believed his story but took the precaution to have him held, along with his friend Radeloff.

Which brought us down to the sea-sailing Mr. Charles Reuben. And there we stuck. We interviewed all the people we could locate in Greater New York who answered to the name of Reuben. No result. Then we tried Saunders, the other name under which the \$1,500 loan had been listed. No result on Saunders either.

For a month we stalled—and the tabloids howled.

Of course, in the meantime, the Department had not overlooked any of the scientific and near-scientific means of crime detection. The mink coat, the wrist watch, and the ring were traced to the stores where they had been purchased, and their values ascertained. An effort was also made to trace the piece of clothesline, but it was too old and worn. However, the condition of the murdered woman's stomach and digestive organs was promptly used as a possible clue. She had eaten a substantial meal and drunk a considerable amount of whisky about two hours before the murder.

That wasn't much to go on, to be sure, but it was something. In 1931, if a Vivian Gordon went out to eat and drink at eleven o'clock at night, she went to a speakeasy.

So we began the long and wearisome checkup of the thousands of speakeasies in New York City, on the long chance that we might find out with whom Vivian Gordon had dined or supped that fatal night. But there was little hope of a prompt solution through this checkup. It was still going on when the case finally broke, and for all I know, it might have continued through prohibition into repeal.

Of course there were publicity seekers and cranks who came forward with theories and solutions. A Cuban girl, Leonora Halsey by name, who had been a professional dancer in Harlem dark spots, made the front pages with a story that she had been hired by the murdered woman to massage and read to her, and that on the fatal night she had been motored from the Thirty-seventh Street apartment to her own home in Mount Vernon by Miss Gordon and "two gentlemen in evening clothes."

But none of the employees at the apartment house, where she was supposed to have gone daily, could recall any such person as Leonora—and under Inspector Bruckman's adroit questioning, she described Vivian's flat as a five-roomer instead of a three-roomer, and asserted that its windows looked out on Central Park, which was twenty-odd city blocks away.

A MORE promising story was told by a taxi driver, Frank Ryan, who had been sitting in his cab at the corner of Allerton Avenue and White Plains Road at about the time the murder was supposed to have occurred. Suddenly he heard a woman's scream as another taxi thundered past him. There were two men in it. He couldn't see their faces, but they were apparently punching a girl in the face. Ryan gave Inspector Bruckman the correct license number of their taxi. But subsequent investigation showed that the squealing woman in it was not Vivian Gordon.

Meanwhile the newspapers were trying to connect Vivian with the current crop of major gangsters and racketeers. Vannie Higgins, the Brooklyn beer baron, got so sore at having his name linked with hers that he appeared voluntarily before the Bronx grand jury to deny the acquaintance. Of course, "Legs" Diamond got a play. So did many other notables.

During all these weeks of grief, we didn't let up for a moment in our efforts to locate the mysterious Charles Reuben, alias Harry Saunders. The break came one afternoon, when one of our boys, comparing for the thousandth time Reuben's signature on his passport application with the signatures of known criminals, discovered a similarity to the handwriting of a Sing Sing graduate named Harry Stein, who, we learned, had been a close acquaintance of Vivian Gordon and a former client of Mr. Radeloff.

All of which, of course, proved nothing. In fact, it didn't even suggest anything. There's no harm in taking a trip to Norway; and there's no harm—legally, I mean—in letting a young lady pay for it. It was impossible, of course, to tell offhand what had been the purpose of the trip; but, since it had been made nearly two years before, it could have had nothing to do with the murder.

However, Harry Stein was much more than a young gent who had the strange conceit of calling himself Reuben, borrowing \$1,500 from a harlot, and spending his summer vacation in Norway. He was a third- or fourth-offense criminal who had served a six-year stretch in Sing Sing for robbing a Bronx apartment in 1921 and attempting to strangle the woman of the house.

Was that strangling thing another coincidence?

Perhaps. But we located Stein that same day and put a heavy cover on him. From that moment until the end, Harry Stein never so much as blew his nose without our knowing about it pronto.

For a long time he didn't do anything interesting. He would leave his uptown apartment at 1312 Park Avenue about noon, stroll down to Times Square, and nod now and then to a passer-by, get himself a bit of chow, and maybe sit through a burlesque show. He had no visible occupation. Most of the men he spoke to were well known crooks; but whether we knew them or not, we put a tail on every one of them, and never left them until we were satisfied that they knew nothing about the murder of Vivian Gordon.

One place Stein frequented at the meal hour was a Rumanian restaurant on Sixth Avenue. Our Irish boys hated that Rumanian chow, but they began eating there regularly just the same.

Finally, in this place, we saw Stein make an actual contact. His friend was recognized at once as Sam Greenberg, or Greenhauer, a well known con man and thief, and we lost no time in putting an especially heavy shadow on Sam.

A couple of days later Harry Stein got so bold as to go into a public telephone booth, call a number, and ask for a man whom he called Harry. This other Harry wasn't at home; but of course we traced the number, and found that it was an apartment in a building at 300 West Forty-ninth Street, rented in the name of Harry Harvey. We knew nothing of Harvey, but we not only tailed him but tapped his telephone wire.

As the days and weeks went by, it became clearer and clearer that the Police Department of New York City was on the spot. Ed Mulrooney's face got redder and redder—not from shame, but from righteous anger.

On the evening of April 8, the championship finals in the Department's annual pistol marksmanship tournament were to be held at the Crescent Athletic Club. It was one of the big events of the police year, and the Commissioner felt he owed it to his boys to attend.

After the shoot there was to be a supper, and of course a speech from the 'Old Man. But just before speechifying time he drew from his pocket the written substance of the talk he was to make, and handed it to one of his assistants. "Here," he said, "you read it to them."

No one was surprised, really, at the Commish's ducking out. He had swung a night stick himself. He might well have thought that the boys would have a better time for the rest of the evening with the boss away. But that wasn't why he left the party.

WHERE Commissioner Mulrooney went that night and to whom he talked, no one—unless, perhaps, one or two of the top bugs in the Department—will ever know. But when we showed up for the line-up next morning, he was already in his office, wearing, if I am not mistaken, the same shirt and collar he had worn the evening before, and wearing the face of a man who hadn't slept.

"Boys," he said, "I have here three names and addresses. You'd better jot them down."

Here are my jottings: "David Buttermann, jobber, 215 West Seventy-fifth Street. William Rosenfeld, jeweler, Edison Hotel. Max Mishkin, dressmaker, 2228 Broadway."

"My information," continued the Commissioner, "is that our friend Harry Stein approached this Buttermann within an hour after the murder of Vivian Gordon with the proposition to buy a fur coat and some jewelry; that Buttermann offered the

jewelry to his brother-in-law, Rosenfeld; and that he took the coat to Mishkin for appraisal. Check up on all of that."

We did. Buttermann's story, which was corroborated in every essential detail by the other two, was that Stein had called up between two and two thirty the morning Vivian was killed and had arranged a breakfast date at nine o'clock; that Stein had then taken Buttermann to a house at 294 Riverside Drive occupied by one Madeline Tully; that Stein had shown him a mink coat and a wrist watch, and had told him about a diamond ring, for which he wanted \$1,000; that he, Buttermann, had told Rosenfeld about the jewelry; and that he and his wife had taken the coat to the latter's dressmaker, Mishkin, for appraisal; but that, presumably because of the Vivian Gordon publicity, there had been no sale.

THE main point was that the dope the Commish had got after he left the Athletic Club was straight dope—for the descriptions of the coat and the watch and the ring corresponded in every detail to the articles known to have been possessed by the murdered woman.

At 6.15 P. M., while Mulrooney was still at the pistol tournament, the patience of Detective Raymond F. Henshaw, who had been stationed for weeks on the top floor of 315 West Forty-eighth Street to listen in on calls to Harvey's apartment in the next block, had been rewarded by hearing a conversation like this:

"Harry, this is Harry."

"Yes, Harry."

"I've got some money—not much, but it's something."

"Come on around. I'll be in the lobby."

"O. K."

In fifteen minutes Harry Stein was in the lobby of Harry Harvey's apartment building. Harry Harvey was waiting for him. Ray Henshaw was also there—only the two Harrys didn't know it!—and witnessed the passage of money from one suspect to another.

The next night, with Henshaw's report in front of us and with the detailed checkups, we decided to move in on Stein, Greenberg, and Harvey—which we did the following morning in three different sections of the city.

These were wise guys we had to deal with. Other than denying that they had had anything to do with the murder, they wouldn't talk. But the D. A. felt that he had enough on Stein to take him before the grand jury, which promptly indicted him.

Then, if I do say it, we did a clever thing: we let Greenberg and Harvey go, and thus gave them the impression that their skirts were clear.

Of course we trailed them. One item we turned up was that Greenberg was the man who had gone to Norway with Stein under the alias of Cohen. Another was that the third man in the stateroom, listed as James Cotter, was an underworld character

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This story will interest many Men and Women



NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S...which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—



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feel like
yourself
again**

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named Doc Levine. Still another was that Harry Harvey's real name was Harry Schlitten. And the most important item of all was that at eight o'clock in the evening before the murder, a man of that unusual name, in company with one Izzy Lewis, alias English, had hired a seven-passenger sedan from the K. & S. Auto Renting Company at 123 Suffolk Street, and had returned the car the same night or, rather, in the early hours of the next morning.

Our picture was now complete. So, after waiting a few more days to see if any of these boys were going to make a false move—which they didn't—we put the arm on the whole bunch of them. The Levine lead didn't take us any place except to Norway; and by that time our boys that we had sent to that country had already checked up on the trio's activities there. Izzy Lewis hollered like hell but told nothing. Greenberg, an old hand, followed Stein's example, and went dumb.

SCHLITTEN, Captain Oliver decided, was the most likely to break, so he invited him across the street to the old Police Academy at Broome and Centre streets and, being a fellow who loves company, the captain took along a bunch of us boys to help entertain Harry.

We entertained him all right, and all night. He wasn't so dumb. Although he had never been to Centre street before, he had certainly met policemen somewhere, for the first thing he did was to remove a couple of false teeth he had. "I'd rather have 'em in my pocket," he said, "than in my windpipe."

As the night wore on, he became less and less jaunty, and in the end he said, "For cripe's sake!" and let go.

The motive, as we had thought all along, was robbery. There was the possibility, of course, that Stein had engineered the job to please Radeloff, but Schlitten didn't hold with that theory. Stein, he said, had come into his life about six months before, at the Rumanian restaurant. Later Stein had introduced him to Greenberg. And on February 25, the day before the killing, Stein had asked him if he knew where he could hire a car. Schlitten didn't know, but Izzy, another habitué of the place, did—so that was that.

The plant, as Stein outlined it, was that Schlitten was to pose as chauffeur, that Greenberg was to be a big diamond-and-pearl man with a quarter of a million dollars' worth of junk on his person, that the Gordon woman was to be brought along as the feminine lure who was supposed to give Greeny the big loving line while Stein frisked him of the heavy ice.

That evening was a busy one for the three boys—Izzy having wisely

stayed downtown after negotiating the car—what with going up to Stein's house to get the clothesline and scouting around the Bronx for a good spot to dump the body. Finally all was set. Stein left them to get the girl, and Schlitten and Greenberg went back to the Bronx and waited in the car.

Pretty soon Stein and the girl rolled up in a taxi, the supposedly opulent Mr. Greenberg was introduced, the taxi disappeared, and Stein and Vivian climbed into the sedan. Schlitten said Vivian's first remark

to Greenberg was: "Where have you been all my life?"

It was her last remark, too, before the two men in the back seat moved in on her. Greenberg held

her while Stein looped the loop around her neck—and pulled.

"She only cackled once," Harry Schlitten said.

There wasn't much more to the story, except that Harry told us the exact spot where the missing suede pump had been thrown out of the car after dumping the body; and we found it there. Also, Izzy Lewis corroborated the part of the story in which he appeared. The case was a bulletproof one, if ever there was such a thing, against Stein and Greenberg, with the third man, Schlitten, turning State's evidence.

The Vivian Gordon mystery was solved!

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: The strangest part of this strange case is that neither Harry Stein nor Sam Greenberg friended for the murder of Vivian Gordon.

Although this is considered by everybody in the Department a solved case, and is so listed in the official files, it is doubtful if twelve good men and true could have been found in New York City in the summer of 1931 who would have convicted any one *except a policeman* of the murder of Vivian Gordon.

Anyhow, the jury that sat in Judge Albert Cohn's court, in spite of the testimony of Schlitten, Lewis, Buttermann, Rosenfeld, Mishkin, and a host of corroborating witnesses, didn't convict Stein and Greenberg. It preferred to accept the flimsiest of alibis.

Technically, the smudge was still on the shields of the policemen of New York.

But Justice moves in strange ways to attain her ends. John A. Radeloff was in our hands again within the year—this time on an extortion charge. And Harry Stein, convicted of chloroforming and robbing a Mrs. Lola Baker of 28 West Fifty-eighth Street, is now serving a long stretch in Sing Sing.

The Police Department of New York City grinds exceedingly small.

THE END



Love Letters

of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

On the Way to Cuba.
DEAR GINGER:
 Well, here I am on the briny deep.

Whata life! Yes, and whata ship! I wished you was here to get a load of it, toots, because its so different from that chowder scow me and you took to Coney the day your old man was stretched. Remember?

Now that we're just about due to drop the mud-hook in Havana, I'm going to give you the low-down on everything thats happened on the voyage since we left New York, so here goes:

As soon as we past the Statue of Liberty, a few of the customers started perculating around to see what a luxury liner reelly looked like. They traipsed through the ritzy rooms trying the overstuffed Duncan Fife's and feeling the orientals. Some even pinched the pine-apples growing in the Cocktail Room to see if they were the real Mc Coy. As soon as they had poked their noses in everything but the boilers, they started looking for the BAR. Oh, boy, and once they found it, on went the roller skates. The first thing they did was order all the trick drinks they never heard of. They went for Cuban Stings, Toreadors, Mojitos, Santiago Side Slips, Absent Drips, and a Daiquiri Flip concocted by Sloppy Joe that

Socko Sails on the Bounding
 Main and Ginger Grabs a Job

Words and Picture by
BERT GREEN

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

would grow a beard on a battleship.

Well, after the boys and girls got a wee bit shel-lacked, they started oozing from one table to the other like old pals. Before long, each John had a Jane and versa-visa. I'm telling you Ginger, theys nothing that will get you acquainted quicker than a coupla Cuban cocktails. 'Specially the sort you get on a cruise ship.

After that, the whole world becomes a stage.

How the so-ever, after they had gotten all nicely bar-cardied, they began trecking the deck like they was under a contract to train for the Olympics. No kidding, if they ever traipsed half that distance ashore, theyd be laying horizontal in the marble orchid. After six turns around the Promenade Deck, they get so run down theyd have to barge back to the bar to get their batteries re-charged. I wisht you could have been here to grab an ear-full of the malarchy the lads and lassies hand each other when they first meet. Honest, its a yell.

Frinstance, while I was sitting in the smoking room inhaling a Sandy Mac Donald, a well oiled couple ankled in and parked themselves at the next table. The frail tried to be very high hat. She sported a low-busted blouse, lizzard skin shoes, ski pants, a red berray and

a leopard coat that must have been made by a wall paper company. As for her beautiful face, she looked like the last run of shad,—if you know what I mean?

Her new boy-friend was a very playful youth of some sixty odd summers. He wore a bald head and a pinched-back sports coat with enough kay-pock in the shoulders to stuff a limousine. One of his lamps pointed south, south-east and half the time I couldn't dope out whether he was gunning *me* or her and his left dog was made in Grand Rapid's.

Anyhow, as soon as the couple was seated, the girl pulled out a pair of near-platinum lorna-doos and began giving her boy-friend the up and down through the shatter-proof cheaters. After a few snappy remarks, Mr. Fungus asked:

"How did *you* come to make this trip, Miss—er—?"

"Well, it was like this," teed off the sweet young thing, gulping the remains of her old fashioned. "I just returned from a World Cruise and as my Park Avenue pent house was being re-decorated, I thought I'd make this little trip to kill time."

At that moment, who blows in but Eve, the ladys girl-friend. Eve had suddenly gone snooty due to the epidemic of so much luxury and neck-oil. Without giving the guy a tumble, she flops in a seat and gets the folleying lines off her chest:

"Listen, Lil, when we get back to New York, I think we'd better haul hips outa that flee-bag we're living in and get a nice joint up on the Drive. No kidding, that goddam L drives me nuts!"

Well, after that crack, Ginger, Mr. Fungus's wall eye started to box the compass.

As for little Eve, she's sporting a bandage on her barked shin.

On the level, the way some of these toorists try to put on the lug is a riot. Some of them are like me, they aint never been on anything but a fairy boat and to hear them spread the duck-oil, you'd think they had a commutation ticket on the Sunnard Line.

Speaking of funny toorists, I'll have to tell you about the guy that sits next to me in the dining saloon. Honest, he's a card. He comes from some whistle-stop in the wheat-belt and the only fancy tit-bits he's ever eaten has been berled berdadoes, squash, spinich, and dried beans. When the waiter handed him the swell menu he ran amuck and ordered the works. They was Portuguese herrings, anchovies, Lorraine omlettes, a calves head, Yorkshire pudding, hominy fritters, golden pheasant, turkey truffles, Bell-Fermere,—whatever the hell that is—Gava paste, cavier, blueberry pie and a chunk of Gurgonzoola a police dog couldnt jump over.

Now I ask you Ginger?

To make matters worse, he had the nerve to glare at *me* when I was spreading the cavier on my lemon pie and dunking the hominy fritters in my java. For two-bits, I would have smacked him down.

Speaking of food, theys a great big dutchman on board who blows a three valve trombone when its time to go against the chow. He takes his job so seriously he tickled my humurous bone. Feeling a bit playful one night, I asked him if he could play: The Music went Round and Round. Oh, boy, that burned him up.

"Ach Gott," he roared, "I cant play such stuff! I used to play Parcival in the Metropolitan."

Sfunny world, aint it?

Yesterday, when I went down for breakfast, I found a card on everybodys table instructing the passengers that *they must report for a fire drill at 3:45*. Not knowing what the heck it meant, I asked Mr. Campbell, the steward and he put me hep. He told me I had to climb into my life preserver and be at my lifeboat when the fire bells started ringing. Well, I no sooner got into my cork brazzier than the inside of the ship sounded like the 33rd Street firehouse had gone coo-coo. Gongs were ringing, sirens were shreaking and out barged the customers and crew all ribbed in their water-wings. Each one went to their stations like they was a *real* fire. When I reached the boat-deck, I didnt know whether I was supposed to do a Wisemuller or not.

Anyhow, just as I'm figuring out if I should use my breast stroke or the Australian crawl, along comes a

great big guy in gold braid. He takes a gander at me and goes wild.

"Whats the big idea of wearing that lifebelt like a pair of *pants*?" he roars. "Put it on *right* before I toss you into the sea." Then the guy gave me a dirty look and barged off.

Oh, was my face tomatoe!

Oh, I forgot to tell you sweetie, that I found a swell little number on the trip whos kept me from being lonesome. I met her in one of the Novelty Dances. Heres how they work: All the dames gets on one side of the boat and the men gets on the other. The frails throw their dog pinchers in the middle of the floor and when the orkastra starts, the men have to rush for the shoes and put them on the dame he thinks they belong to. Hot cat! The first dame I drew was a washout. Some big blimp who must have had her fiddle-cases made in a shipyard. She was so kittinish I checked her out. But the next time it was different. I grabbed me the cutest trick on the boat and I havent let her out of my sight since. Whats more, she's coming to watch me flatten 32-Round Suicide Salvidor at the Cuban Sports Club. She warned me that if the fight got *too terrible*, she would leave the arena flat.

"So will I," I says. "If theys anything I hate, its being disfigured for life."

All kidding aside, Ginger, if you want to meet some nice people and have a grand and glorious time, grab a boat for Havana—you cant miss.

Well, there goes the anchor. I'll write you all about Havana and the fight in my next letter, so stop, look and listen!

Your ever loving pal,

SOCKO.

Hollywood, Califilmia.

Socko O'Brien,
Cuban Sports Club,
Havana, Cuba.

Dear Socko:

In my last letter I told you that Jack Dawson and I had formed the dance team of Dawson & Ryan in hopes of becoming famous and catching a directors eye. Well, we were all set to demonstrate our dance routines to a big night club manager the other night, when who barged in to gum the fun but the installment collector. He wanted to grab our little piano. Oh, were we in a spot. Fortunately, just as the little runt was about to toss the thing on a truck, who blew in but Mr. Watson with his lawyer, Mr. Twist. After getting an ear-full of the argument, Mr. Watson struck a very dignified pose and said:

"Why, the very idea. It is prepostorous to think that such an illustrious and learned gentleman would stoop so low as to harras two struggling individuals for monatery defrayments. When I first gazed upon your noble countenance, I concluded you were an eminent barrister or a man of letters. Unless I am grossly mistaken, you could adopt your fertile resources to a far nobler profession and without question, distuingish yourself."

"He means," cut in Mr. Twist, grabbing the guy by the adams apple, "that unless you haul your frame to hell out of here, theys going to be a dead esquimo cluttering up the joint."

And out went the truckman minus two cigars and a pair of new pants.

Later, when the night club manager arrived, we not only went over with a bang, but we grabbed *our first job* at Izzys Jumping Bean,—the ritzyest night club in Glendale.

Sounds kind of screwy to me, kid, but I'll tell you all about it in my next letter.

As for you, Socko, I love the way you brag about slapping over Suicide Salvadore. Let me remind you, crackpot, that Suicide is none other than *One Round Monahan*, Joe Louis' ex-sparring partner. So—by the time this reaches you, kid, you'll be colder than an *ice-box pudding*.

Cheerio,

GINGER.

More of the interesting private correspondence of this outspoken couple will be published soon.

The Way of All Husbands

Liberty's Short Short

by S. JOSEPH CORONA

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

THE Higgins party had ended with every one in high spirits. Phil Sloan had been among the gayest, imbibing indulgently the warm soothing concoction which now made his lanky six-foot frame reel unsteadily, much to the consternation of Tiny, his spouse, who made up in bigness of heart that which she lacked in height. Four feet nine of daintiness, she strove patiently to guide Phil's uncertain footsteps toward the family runabout, parked outside the Higgins household on Riverview.

It was nearing four in the early morning, and a heavy fog poured in from the near-by water front.

A comical smile lit Phil's face as he noticed the frown in Tiny's clear blue eyes. "Don't worry, honey; I'm all right," he assured her. "A wonderful party, that was—and what a wonderful punch bowl," he hiccuped.

Tiny glared and held his arm tighter. "But, Phil, I am worried," she admonished as she helped her swaying mate to his place behind the steering wheel.

The dense moisture became thicker as they drove along the river front. But Phil felt above the fog as he whistled an uneven tune.

Then, above the lapping cadence of the waves as they splashed against the river bank, came the annoying sound of the sputtering motor.

"You'd better turn in at that next filling station," advised Tiny, "or before you know it we'll be stuck out here all night."

"Right you are, darling," he agreed, and the car came to a jerking halt before the sentinel-like gasoline pump.

"Fill 'er up," Phil told the attendant above a jaw-splitting yawn, and rested his sagging head on the wheel.

A jolting "Tank's full, buddy," awakened Phil to realization, and fumbling he tossed a bill to the extended hand of the waiting man.

"Gosh, Tiny, maybe you're right. Shouldn't've drunk so much," he muttered as he forced his sleep-drugged eyes open—and again the weary journey began.

Suddenly ahead the almost invisible road ended. With a thudding crash, the car hurtled an embankment and plunged into the black river.

The impact and the chill of freezing waters snapped Phil from sleep. Frantically he reached for Tiny, but only the benumbing water met his reach.

Terror-stricken, he blindly felt the open door through which Tiny must have fallen into the oozing mud where the car had come to lodgment. Unable to stay under water longer, Phil fought to the surface, gasping for breath. Filling his lungs, he prepared to dive again for Tiny. But strong arms held him fast, forcing him toward the wrecked dock and into the outstretched arms of a state trooper, who raised him to the embankment.

"Lucky we happened along, young fellow," he said. "Just saw the tail end of your car go over. And say—by that whisky breath of yours, I can well imagine how this happened! You drunken drivers are getting to be a nuisance and I ought to run you in," he menaced. "But I guess that dousing is lesson enough."

"My wife, Tiny—she's down there—I've got to find her!" Phil sobbed, and attempted to leap from the pier.

"I'm afraid there's nothing we can do now," the dripping officer said. "Jim's gone for the emergency truck. He ought to be back any minute now." As if in answer to



his statement, the wailing of the police siren broke the stillness of the water front.

The spotlight made an eerie spectacle of the raised runabout as its dripping body was hoisted from the cloud-swept waters.

Casting off the restraining hands of the officer, Phil stumbled to the car as it came to rest on the wharf.

Behind the front seat he found a lace handkerchief, his last grim souvenir—a token from the depths in which somewhere lay his beloved Tiny. Clutching it to his heart, he started toward home, walking in a daze.

"Can you make it, fella?" the red-faced trooper asked.

Phil nodded his aching head. He would get there somehow—but that wouldn't matter. What would it be like when he reached it, to stay there alone—forever alone?

The officer held him by the shoulder. "Wait—you can't go anywhere with those wet clothes! Get in here."

He led Phil to the olive-colored patrol car which had come to the rescue.

"They're dredging the waters now and they'll find your wife soon," the trooper said in a sympathetic voice.

Grim words, those: "They'll find your wife soon."

The emergency crew worked with feverish effort, but the fog hampered their search. After a futile hour they were forced to give up and wait for the morning light, which even now began to appear in the far-off west, giving promise of a break in the slowly receding mist.

"Come on. You can't stand there shivering," the officer again urged. "We'll drop you off at your home."

The metallic voice of the radio in the police car failed to break Phil's thoughts. As the car neared his home—dark windows would greet him, a cold empty house.

BUT wait—what was that ahead? In the bedroom window there *was* a light. Was some one there? Had he left the light on in their haste to get to the party? Or had Tiny come back to keep the place cheery and gay after death—would he always have Tiny? Even the thought of seeing her shadowy form would be a comfort to him.

The patrol car reached the house, and the trooper looked at Phil in amazement as he too noted the lighted window. Phil leaped up the steps, with the officer following, into the house and upstairs to the bedroom. Would he find it empty? Was the lighted window just an illusion from a tormented mind? But no; from beneath the door there showed a stream of light!

Phil burst into the lighted room, and the sight which met his eyes left him stunned, dumfounded. For there on the bed, face downward, her head sunk deep into a pillow, lay Tiny. His Tiny, who he thought was at the bottom of the muddy river, was here!

At the sound of the door Tiny quickly raised her head from the tear-soaked pillow, her red-rimmed eyes sparkling with a mixture of anger and anxiety.

"Why, Phil, there you are! Have you got yourself arrested?" she cried as she noticed the blinking trooper.

Her frail form shook with pent-up anger which found vent in the words that flowed with her tears: "Haven't you caused me enough grief for one evening? First you go and make a fool of yourself at the Higginses' by getting drunk—and then you leave me stranded in the washroom of that filling station the minute I leave you!"

THE END

What *Landon* Would

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article embodies the substance of Governor Landon's answers to questions put to him by Mr. Viereck on a journey from Topeka to Kansas City, Missouri.

The Man Who Looks from Kansas to the White House Reveals in Detail His

Hopes, His Policies and Beliefs

by GOVERNOR
ALFRED M. LANDON

as told to

George Sylvester Viereck

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE man who will become President in 1937, if Roosevelt is not re-elected, will face a Herculean job. He will find much that must be weeded out, but also much that can be salvaged. Roosevelt's chief faults are not so much his objectives as his slapstick methods, his lack of direction, and his attempt to supplant orderly processes of government with his own whims and the fantastic and often mischievous notions of irresponsible advisers.

What is expected of this newly elected President will be not erratic brilliancy but common sense, sound judgment, experience, foresight. Without shunning responsibility, he must rely not solely on himself but on the experience, and the judgment of others. I, for one, prefer the collective wisdom of the many to the spontaneous impulse of one. In the government of a great nation the substantial, well rounded, average man is preferable to the eccentric genius. I would not reject an idea because of its novelty, nor accept it merely because it has worked in the past. Other things being equal, I prefer tried and proved methods.

The next President should restore the cabinet to its traditional function. As Governor of Kansas, I appointed the ablest men I could find to offices corresponding to the President's cabinet. I gave them full charge in their own domain. I did not interfere with their work, but I held them responsible for the result. The President, it seems to me, should thrash out every question of policy with the members of his cabinet. A responsible cabinet is preferable to an irresponsible brain trust!

If the next President should be a Republican, he would be faced by the Democratic control of the Senate. That in itself need not spell disaster to his policies. When I became Governor of Kansas, my majority in the legislative branch was precarious. This did not prevent me from putting through my legislative program. I was willing to play ball with the opposition and they played ball with me.

Our government is based on the two-party system. There are numerous able Democrats in the Senate with whom it would be a privilege to work. Their advice should be welcomed. No man is big enough to run this country by himself. The President should be a leader, not a slave driver or a dictator. We can leave dictators to Europe!

The first task of a Republican administration will be to restore confidence in the Executive, in constitutional government, and in our fiscal policies. In financial matters the President should consult with experts; but he should refuse to try harebrained experiments merely because they suggest themselves to the playful fancy of academic theorists.

To avoid bankruptcy, Congress and the Executive must consider federal expenditures as a whole, not as isolated departmental items. The next administration must endeavor to conduct Uncle Sam's business on a cash basis.

In Kansas we established definite laws compelling every department and every subdivision of the state to remain within the limits of its appropriations. Deviations from the budget, which is published in full, must be publicly known and approved. Money is not appropriated in star-chamber proceedings. The public is entitled to know where its dollars go.

When England recently decided to increase its expenses for armaments, the British government immediately raised its taxes. That is a sound principle. We have no right to leave the reckoning to our children. It is this maxim that guides the fiscal policies of my state.

The State of Kansas has suffered three major tribulations: an agricultural depression that preceded the nation-wide financial cataclysm; the collapse of our financial structure; and the worst drought in generations. In spite of these we managed to balance our budget and to reduce our taxes. We sacrificed no essentials. We did not, for instance, reduce the proportion for education. We did, however, contrive to get the utmost penny out of every dollar we spent. Above all, we did not permit politics to control our purse strings.

The people—in that respect I agree with Senator La Follette—have a right to experiment if they so desire. But they must know for what they are spending their money, and they must insist that it be spent wisely. Trick budgets, fake economies, and concealed taxation blind us to the extent of the sacrifices exacted by the New Deal. Direct taxes, taxes that can be figured without difficulty, will curb the riot of spending which disgraces all divisions of our government.

The citizen and taxpayer will be horrified when he learns how much the government is actually costing *him*. To date, the average family spends one fourth of its income in taxes; but we shall have to pay much more to meet the bills now contracted by political wastrels in Washington.

Before we can stabilize taxation permanently, we must place it on a scientific basis. An understanding between the federal government, the states, and the local divisions must be reached, determining the distinct field of taxation suited and reserved for each. This is a matter that may take years to work out, but it is a task that cannot be evaded. If we continue the present system of overlapping taxation without curb or limit, even Uncle Sam will be beggared. There will be no escape from inflation and repudiation in one form or another.

No one would think of balancing the budget by stinting on relief. But we must manage relief honestly, ably, and not as part of a political spoils system. Experience in Kansas has shown that by practicing in the state the same economy that a good housewife practices in her home, it is possible to make one dollar do the work of two. The subsidies actually received by the impoverished unemployed are not responsible for the mountain of debt under which we stagger as a nation. That was created by dismal waste, poor planning, willful changes of policy, maladministration, and ruthless partisanship. While idealists orated on the front porch, practical party henchmen handed out the jobs at the back door.

Do If PRESIDENT

It is part of wise economy not only to aid the hungry, but to provide for the helpless, especially for youth and old age. The present Security Act is unworkable because it is not carefully thought out. We must, can, and shall find some way to secure the workers in their old age as other countries have done. But we must not expect millennium in a day.

Neither can we solve that nightmare of all administrations, the farm problem, overnight. There is no one ready-made solution, but several sound approaches. One of these is through a soil-conservation program along the lines envisaged by Mr. Lowden and administered through the cooperation of the federal government, the states, and individuals. Another is the extension of the tariff principle in ways hitherto neglected.

There are still other means by which the federal government can help. Different sections of the country will need different remedies. The way to success does not lie in grandiloquent schemes but in the sane application of experience. When Mr. Hopkins came to Kansas he brought with him several administration schemes for a vast and enormously expensive irrigation plan. We persuaded him that it was safer and cheaper to establish individual farm ponds.

There is no magic formula to assure world peace. We must face the world as it is. Because I am for peace and international justice, I favor adequate armaments for the United States until all other nations, without exception, disarm.

America cannot take sides in the quarrels of others. Before saving the world, let us save ourselves by restoring initiative to American business, whose recovery is synonymous with the recovery of confidence. There can be no confidence unless minorities as well as majorities enjoy fully the rights granted them by the Constitution, without undue interference by the government.

Confidence will return when the people know that haphazard experimentation and circus frills will give way to logical analysis and consistent action. I do not blame Mr. Roosevelt for having acted in haste when haste was necessary, but I do blame him for not remedying his errors when there was time. The situation of 1933 may have justified emergency actions without long consideration, but there is no excuse for inconsiderate haste or precipitous methods today. There has been enough time for careful planning since he entered the White House; but he has frittered away his opportunities until, largely through his fault, new emergencies have arisen.

That Mr. Roosevelt has received many votes in some



GOVERNOR
LANDON

SKETCHED BY
STEPHEN GROUT

"The Kansas Coolidge" Says—

"In government, the average man is preferable to the eccentric genius. A responsible cabinet is preferable to an irresponsible brain trust. . . . The President should be a leader, not a slave driver or a dictator. . . . Trick budgets, fake economies, and concealed taxation blind us. The mountain of debt under which we stagger was created by dismal waste, poor planning, willful changes of policy, and ruthless partisanship. . . . Before saving the world, let us save ourselves by restoring initiative to American business. Confidence will return when the people know that circus frills will give way to logic and consistency. . . . When the vote is counted, Mr. Roosevelt may discover that he has been weighed and found wanting."

primaries is no proof that he will garner the same votes in the election. The local politicians who administer relief can control whether or not a man registers in the primaries as a Democrat or a Republican; but, fortunately, they cannot tell where he makes his cross on election day. The American workman does not want relief, but employment. Unemployment is with us still, in spite of alphabetical nostrums. Re-employment offers the road to salvation. Even the man who reluctantly receives the bounties of the government prefers a sane solution of our problem. His self-respect will be his guide. He prefers business recovery to wild-cat schemes hatched out in the witch's kitchen of Washington. When the vote is counted, Mr. Roosevelt may discover that he has been weighed and found wanting.

THE END

LIBERTY WILL PAY \$2,000 FOR PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

\$500 FIRST PRIZE

222 OTHER CASH AWARDS

LIBERTY is seeking pictures of beautiful children. From the numerous pictures of children that have been entered in the past in Home Life Snapshot contests we are confident that this new offer will call forth a gallery of pictures that will make America doubly proud of its childhood. Cash prizes totaling \$2,000 are offered, in addition to the honor of being designated a winner! Come on, mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers! Send in your entries. Read the brief rules carefully. Be sure to fill in the registration coupon. Perhaps the \$500 winner is one of your own family. Send in his or her picture. The sooner the better. Snapshots or formal portraits. Don't miss this opportunity!

THE RULES

1. Liberty is seeking the pictures of beautiful children. Every child—babies and young children, boys and girls who have not passed their tenth birthday—is eligible except children of employees of Liberty and their families.
2. It is not necessary to take new pictures for this contest. However, each entry must be of recent taking and must show the subject as he or she appears at this time.
3. To be considered for a prize, each picture must be accompanied by an official registration coupon properly filled out.
4. Pictures will be judged on the basis of personality and pictorial appeal. The editors of Liberty will be the judges. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. To the child whose picture rates highest, in the opinion of the judges, Liberty will pay a first prize of \$500. Other awards will be: second prize, \$200; third prize, \$100; twenty prizes, each \$10; 200 prizes, each \$5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Address all entries to BEAUTIFUL CHILD EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before August 5, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Send entries flat by first-class mail.
7. By entering you give Liberty the right to publish the picture for the purposes of this contest. All prize-winning pictures will become the property of the publishers for reproduction wherever desired. No pictures will be returned nor will we be responsible for pictures lost in the mails.



This little lady from the City of Brotherly Love was the subject of a prize-winning snapshot in Liberty's second Home Life Snapshot Contest. Your child's picture may win in this new contest!

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$500
SECOND PRIZE.....	200
THIRD PRIZE.....	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each \$10.....	200
200 PRIZES, Each \$5.....	1,000

OFFICIAL REGISTRATION COUPON

BEAUTIFUL CHILD CONTEST

Fill out and paste this coupon on the back of the picture you enter. In the case of small snapshots paste the picture on the back of this coupon.

Please enter this photograph of my child, in compliance with all of the rules, in Liberty's Beautiful Child Contest. Permission is hereby given to reproduce this picture for the purposes of this contest.

Child's name.....
 Date of birth.....
 Boy or girl.....
 Height.....
 Weight.....
 Color of hair.....
 Color of eyes.....
 Mother's maiden name.....
 Father's name.....
 Father's occupation.....
 Home address.....
 City.....
 State.....
 Signed.....
 (Signature of parent or guardian)
 Sender's name.....
 Sender's address.....

A CORRECTION: In Puzzle No. 8, May 16 issue, the definition for vertical 36 should have been: A geometrical figure.

Battle and Murder and Sudden Death

(But Not All as Grim as They Sound)—The Pictures Deal with Some Lethal Themes in a Piquant Variety of Moods

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ½ UNDER TWO FLAGS

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen, Rosalind Russell, Gregory Ratoff, Nigel Bruce, C. Henry Gordon, Herbert Mundin, John Carradine, Lumsden Hare, J. Edward Bromberg, Onslow Stevens, Fritz Leiber. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Story by Ouida.

A FILM of fine performances, set upon a colorful tale and told with an epic sweep, *Under Two Flags* has all the ingredients of a perfect picture. That this picturesque narrative of life in the Foreign Legion, though undeniably entertaining, never attains its potential heights, is due, I suspect, to its selection of incident.

Taken for what it is, however, rather than the superlative thing it might have been, Twentieth Century - Fox's

dramatization of Ouida's lusty novel remains a highly acceptable adventure-romance. The stirring battle scenes alone would make it worth while. Added to these are the many lovely, if conventional, desert shots that frame the film's more amorous moments.

Under Two Flags, though, does not rely entirely on its settings or size. No picture with its star-studded cast would have to. Heading the galaxy, Ronald Colman is excellent as the English nobleman seeking refuge and forgetfulness in Sahara warfare. Contrasted against Colman's tempered suavity is burly Victor McLaglen's blustering portrait of the jealousy-racked Major Doyle. And the brightly competent Rosalind Russell is a delight as the visitor who turns Colman's thoughts toward love and home.

With these three scoring sharply and effectively, it is the shapely Claudette Colbert who, in the famous Cigarette role, gives the picture its best scenes. She has seemed always a mental rather than emotional actress, but in this Miss Colbert imbues her hoydenish part with abandon and great charm. And, for all its overwhelming stature, *Under Two Flags* is best remembered for that slyly tender little bit wherein Colman and Claudette first make love.

Under Two Flags was directed by Frank Lloyd, whose last production was *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Both McLaglen and Colbert have won Academy awards for best

4 stars—Extraordinary	3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good	1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor	



Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert in a scene from *Under Two Flags*.

performances of the year. Colman is deservedly one of the screen's most long-lived stars and Rosalind Russell its brightest newcomer. So it's only to be expected that this joint effort would turn out to be commendable movie fare—and a disappointment in not being something more.

VITAL STATISTICS: Usually Darryl Zanuck snaps his fingers at the Rockies, the Everglades, India, the Atlantic off Maine—makes them come to him at Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood, where he synthetics them indoors. This time he went to the desert for his Africa, sending huge movie army, direct-wired for radiotelephony megging, down to desert country near Yuma, Arizona. There Hollywood Arabs, Legionnaires, cast slept in tents—no worse than Hollywood bungalow courts—lived simple life. . . . Even Colbert went native on arrival. Two nights later she found a scorpion in her bed, and left the wide-open spaces for the more advanced plumbing and à-la-carte-iness of the Yuma hotel thirty miles away, commuting

thirty miles at 85 m. p. h. the rest of the ten weeks' stay. . . . Ronald Colman, one of those quiet bachelor chaps who can take it, had a close shave when an Indian knife thrower, instructed to toss a blade at him, missed his mark, the knife bouncing off a tree and hitting Colman, hilt first. . . . Naturally, Victor McLaglen gloried in the uniforms and the desert fighting, being the first war lord of Hollywood, anxious to defend it with the McLaglen Light-Hoss Cavalry from attacks of come what may, be it Japanese lettuce growers or men from Mars. . . . Breakfast on location was at 5.30 A.—not P.—M., extra and star alike being routed by bugle from the downy at four thirty, fighting for dear old check and screen credit till six in the evening, yawning and turning in like a pre-Rooseveltian farmer at sundown. . . . Camp kept constant radio communication with Zanuck at Hollywood, where the Mitey Genius controlled every emotion every second. . . . 32,000 rounds ammunition were fired for battle scene, and not one extra was lost, though a few were powder-burned, minor-casualties, free-lance bayonet-stuck where the soldier proved scared of the bayonet and wobbled it, or a little overambitious and got too realistic. . . . "No Smoking" signs hung around the water holes—oil, not water. Oil reflects light better than H₂O, and if not drinkable, proves more useful for camera purposes. . . . Rosalind Russell, who should have had better social training with all her sea voyaging, got mal de desert riding camels, or maybe it was just C. O. (camel odor)—no balm-ridden sirocco. . . . Picture's technical director, Jamiel Hassen, one-time all-Turkish cavalry officer, says he and fellow Arabs plotted to bump off Provost Marshal McLaglen of Bagdad during war. Some informer wised Vic's bunch. . . . Ballistics expert Lou Witte had delicate task of setting off buried charges to resemble spurts of sand kicked up by rifle fire. One battle was ended when Lou miscalculated a bit and stampeded movie hosses. . . . Rozz Russell wants this aristocratic-dignity stuff shoved under the carpet—longs to be slapped. She gets better liked and more money daily. . . . J. Ed Bromberg is latest Clifford Odetsian recruit from liberalism to go to Hollywood, where going Hollywood is offset by going discontented these days. . . . Everybody got sand in their shoes, sun-burned, healthy, vacations from Hollywood humdrum paid for, so a gorgeous time was had by all. Now will the box office cheer up Zanuck? . . . Much of picture done at studio. All costs: \$2,000,000.

★ ★ ★ THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD

THE PLAYERS: William Powell, Jean Arthur, James Gleason, Eric Blore, Robert Armstrong, Lila Lee, Grant Mitchell, Erin O'Brien-Moore,

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Silverware



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GUARANTEED as advertised in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

June design illustrated

TUDOR PLATE
Oncida Community

MUCH in the giddy mood of The Thin Man, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford is just about the liveliest and silliest detective piece of the season. Bouncing through its mad course, the film seldom pauses to make sense. And though conscientious cinema sleuths may find its motivation both hazy and ill founded, this swiftly flowing tale abounds in gaiety and excitement.

Based upon the somewhat novel assumption that the best way to fix races is to kill a jockey, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford presents William Powell and Jean Arthur in their best humor. In this, Powell is a peaceful doctor whose ex-wife has an amateur though decidedly active interest in murder mysteries. When a jockey, mounted on the favorite horse, dies of apparent heart failure during the race, this starts the wife snooping. Convinced that the jockey was killed, Miss Arthur, with the reluctant assistance of Powell, goes to work on the case.

The few more murders that baffle the amateur criminologists matter no more than the actual—and surprising—denouement.

The things that make The Ex-Mrs. Bradford such an ingratiating item have little to do with the plot—though the plot does contain a satisfactory amount of twists and tense moments.

In translating James Edward Grant's story to the screen, scenarist Anthony Veiller has done a skillful and witty job. Smartly directed by Stephen Roberts and gorgeously played by Powell and Miss Arthur, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford comes as an attractive bit of summer entertainment.

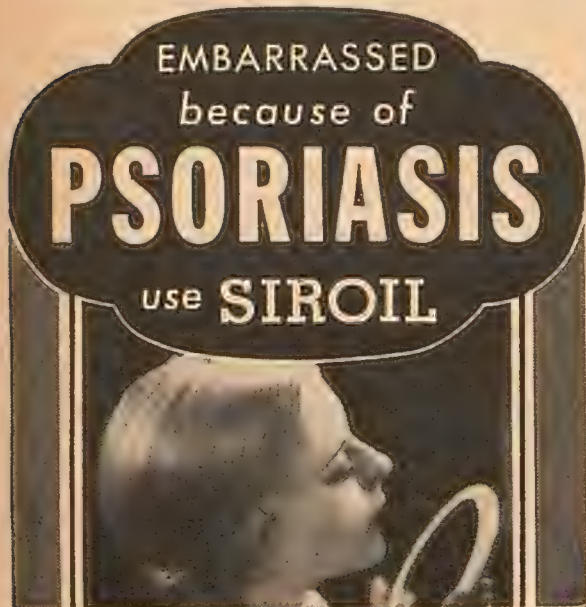
As a matter of fact, it would be welcome in any season.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is first release of RKO in the Sam Briskin era. He's new studio head. . . . Those black widows are not Ethiopian women but phony spiders constructed by clever prop men and manipulated with invisible thread. . . . William Powell lost fifteen pounds making The Great Ziegfeld, and after filling present obligations will aim for two pictures a year. Powell is great on building the gals who play opposite him. Has appeared in two S. S. Van Diners with Jean Arthur, so their kissing is old stuff. . . . The menu of that gelatin meal Jean Arthur serves is this: jellied consommé, aspic salad, chicken in aspic, Ethiopian shimmyshake dessert (chocolate gelatin). Jean suggests a soup sandwich for cool weather: jellied soup on porous French bread—the pores allowing the wind to pass freely through the bread and air-cool the teeth. Jean, one of Hollywood's most refreshing, needs more build-up to match her talents. She's very modest. . . . Lila (Cuddles) Lee has just opened a gown shoppe with Patsy (Brains) Ruth Miller in a beautiful boudoir building along Sunset Blvd. so's you can dress like the stars. . . . It's sad to see Gleason playing anything but the lead after his greatness in Is Zat So? It's the first time in their careers he and Mrs. Gleason (the gangster's moll) have played unsympathetically opposite each other. Their home life remains a place where nothing is ever thrown. . . . Frankie Thomas's father is the first benefiter from the new Be Kind to the Old Actor movement around Hollywood. The youngsters have recently been crowding out the oldies. Well, the old shall lead them yet, who knows? . . . It's hard to look on Grant Mitchell playing a meanie. Grant can play anything on two legs, including a ladder, he's that capable. . . . That's the Santa Anita track in the picture, surrounded by famed Santa Anita scenery.

★ ★ ½ FORGOTTEN FACES

THE PLAYERS: Herbert Marshall, Gertrude Michael, James Burke, Robert Cummings, Jane Rhodes, Robert Gleckler, Arthur Hohl, Alonzo

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because of
PSORIASIS
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SIROIL REMOVES THE CRUSTS AND SCALES OF PSORIASIS

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In Liberty's make-up, stories and articles aren't bunched in the first few pages and "continued on page so-and-so," but are arranged consecutively for easy, convenient reading, which means that every advertisement is in a "preferred position."

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Tight—all day

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion, holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with. You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth. Why endure loose plates? Klutch ends the trouble. 25c and 50c at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

HART & CO., Box 2438-F, Elmira, N.Y.

Price, Pierre Watkin, Alan Edwards. Directed by E. A. Du Pont. Story by Richard Washburn Child.

DIRECTED by E. A. Du Pont, whose *Variety* was one of the great pictures of all time, *Forgotten Faces* is a brooding, powerful, and unrelieved study in hatred. Distinctive in its brilliant use of *montage* and directorial effects, this somber piece moves slowly but inevitably to a tensely gripping climax.

In this mordant history Herbert Marshall is the husband who discovers his wife's infidelity, shoots her lover, and is sentenced to life imprisonment. Before giving himself up to the police, Marshall has his infant daughter sent to a wealthy family that he keeps secret from his wife. Up to this point, *Forgotten Faces* gives little hint of the courage and daring of its final scenes.

But when Marshall learns that his errant wife is about to blackmail their daughter's adopters, the film begins to work out its neatly fatal ending. Though it is not fair to disclose how the now grown daughter is protected from her mercenary mother, we must tell you that seldom has the screen contrived this sort of thing with better effect.

Forgotten Faces is strong meat that by suggestion and implication slips its theme past the censors. Herbert Marshall is thoroughly convincing in a difficult role, while, as the wife, Gertrude Michael's dramatic intensity compensates for her occasional theatric mannerisms. Of the supporting cast, James Burke, who plays Marshall's friend, stands out. But *Forgotten Faces* is not a picture of performances. It is a solemn, soundly constructed film that uses script, camera, and sound rather than personalities for its lethal appeal.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bart Marshall the ultra-civilized ditches the immaculately dapper and dons prison garb for first movie time in anything but an immaculately dapper story. If this goes, his superb British clipped speech and emotion will have to give way to bang-up beery roles of mild lushness. It's still Swanson Forever with him. . . . Bart got nudged a little heavy and knocked down by car in traffic scene, but no damage done—one extra screaming a little more than her \$5 worth when the realism struck her a-heap. . . . Director E. A. Du Pont is the actors' director, because all actors swear by him, not at him. Du Pont catapulted to fame megging Emil Jannings in *Variety*, but never seems to have been able to top it. He is a tremendous stickler for endless actor business; picture must always be kept moving with something. He photographs more angles than there are in an old maids' home. Du Pont deserves better treatment. He was imported years ago to Hollywood, but has never been appreciated. . . . Gertrude Michael is off sweet girls and would give you one feminine heel for two goody-goody roles. . . . All I seem to be able to dig up about James Burke is that he has a very ticklish rib that can't take it. O. K., Winchell—take it away!

★ ★ ½ ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

THE PLAYERS: Francis Lederer, Ida Lupino, Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Erik Rhodes, Joseph Cawthorn, Liev de Maigret, Donald Meek, Georgia Caine, Murray Kinnell, Mischa Auer, Eily Malyon, Richard Carle. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Screen play by Stephen Morehouse Avery.

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON, the first offering of co-producers Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky, is a polished little trinket that tells what happens to a young man who kisses the wrong girl in a darkened theater. The picture is of that frothy type known as French farce, and though

it is so light that it almost floats away into thin air, the affair bubbles enough to be mildly amusing.

When the theater lights go on and an impoverished actor, Francis Lederer, discovers that he has kissed not his mistress but Ida Lupino, a lovely stranger, a city-wide scandal ensues. This brings fame and popularity to Lederer, who gets starred as a sex-appeal king, and causes no little embarrassment to innocent Miss Lupino.

With that fragile setup, *One Rainy Afternoon* is timidly naughty as it minces along its often amusing way. Enthusiastically supported by Hugh Herbert, Roland Young, Erik Rhodes, and Donald Meek, the stars of this piece give it a freshness not apparent in the plot outline. And since it is gracefully mounted, *One Rainy Afternoon* serves as a pretty little cinema ornament.

VITAL STATISTICS: Francis Lederer spends as much on world peace as other male stars spend on wardrobe. Lederer won't borrow books, accept theater tickets. Thinks least one can do is help support author, theater entrepreneur. Eats half as much as average male; neither smokes nor drinks; yet stands a lean even six feet, weighs 150 pounds, and, thanks to perfect home gym, keeps himself in very unapacifistic shape. He models in clay, paints on canvas, but doesn't write on telephone-booth walls. There are only 100 fiction books in his 3,000-volumes library. Sings naturally, unnasally, a common thing in his country. Keeps a valet and chauff, but dresses and drives himself. George Raft alone gives in to him sartorially. Is sponsor of Troop 48, Hollywood Boy Scouts. . . . Hugh Herbert has tried for twenty-three years to get further than the booking office on a world tour, but some zany producer has dangled a contract under the jittery Herbert nostril and forestalled it. The trip'd be for relaxation, but a relaxed Herbert would be something terrifying and unhumorous indeed, I fear. He might come out a tragic actor. Herbert's secret for happiness is domestic felicity, pinocle, gardening, fishing, and plenty of good wines. . . . Miss Pickford's radio-program slogan is, Why not try ice? This is the first Pickford-Lasky celluloid production. . . . That's silent ice they use in the skating scene. It's con-fected of a mess of chemicals and designed to eliminate squeak of skates, plop of the de-fected body hurtling down on the rumble seat. It sounds great for secret drinking—it doesn't rattle against the glass sides.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty.

★★★—The Great Ziegfeld, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whip-saw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley.

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DEATH *Takes the Wheel*



Death made a pass at the wheel at Indianapolis last year as Al Gordon went into a turn. These pictures show (left) the

POP MARVEL'S car came catapulting down toward the finish line with another machine roaring along behind him. It swerved out in an attempt to pass Pop, and a front wheel clipped one of his rear wheels. Pop and his automobile went somersaulting along the track. They barrel-rolled over the line first. The officials gave the race to Marvel and the doctors gave his body to the morgue. There was no sense in calling for an ambulance. He had less than five minutes to live, they said. Nearly every bone in his body was broken.

The embalmers were just about to start in on him when Pop awakened, blinked his eyes, and volunteered the information that they were a trifle premature—he was far from dead. He is up and around today, a living reminder of the perils and hazards of the most dangerous sport of them all.

Death rides as a passenger in every car that whizzes past the green flag at the start of each race. Frequently he reaches over and takes the wheel. Then there is just one more tragedy added to a long, long list.

The 500-mile classic at Indianapolis every Memorial Day draws 100,000 to 160,000 spectators. How so?

They certainly are not there just to see some thirty-odd cars spin madly around the huge saucer. Their interest is far more sanguinary than that. They jam their way into the stands and crowd the infield waiting and almost hoping for a crash.

When thirty cars are flashing by at a speed of more than two miles a minute something is bound to happen. Human nerves can last just so long. Machine perfection must have some vulnerable spot.

Around and around the racers whirl. The crowd is tense and silent. Suddenly, as one car tries to pass another, the margin of safety is cut too fine. They touch momentarily and one caroms crazily up toward the top of the bank.

The driver might right his car in time. A tire might blow out as a result of the extra tension. The car might ram into the retaining wall, burst into flame, collapse like a paper box, shoot right over the top, or come sliding down and be hit by other machines.

At the famous Brooklands track in England a car

skidded halfway around and, still going backward, went hurtling up to the top of the speedway. The tail missed the wall by inches, and then the machine swooped down the incline. Four cars avoided a crash by a hairbreadth, and then the original racer came to a momentary pause at the bottom. The driver regained control and started out after the others again. For the crowd it was a thrill—for him it was just part of the game.

At Salem, New Hampshire, Death took the wheel as Fred Comer was riding a curve rather high. A tire burst. His car went rolling down the track, spitting fire and

strewn wreckage. Attempting to avoid him, Jimmy Gleason overturned and was tossed out of his machine.

Gleason landed directly in front of Ray Keech, who spun his wheel over frantically but did not quite make it. Striking Gleason a glancing blow and then losing control, he went smashing into the wreckage, with Bob McDonough and Lou Moore piling on right after him. It was a terrific crash, and yet Comer was the only one killed.

In most hazardous sports the spectator is safe. But not in auto racing. In Italy a few years ago a car ran into the crowd, killing nineteen, in-

cluding twenty-six. When Sir Malcolm Campbell was making one of his world-record attempts at Daytona Beach, his car hit a bump. His feet left the pedals, and only by clinging desperately to the steering wheel was he able to stay in. But his goggles were jolted down a bit, momentarily blinding him. He managed to brush them back into position, but remarked after he had come to a safe stop that had his auto skidded at all or deviated the slightest bit from its true course, he would have ripped into the crowd a quarter of a mile away in four seconds.

When Frank Lockhart was killed on that same beach, his car sailed through the air 1,000 feet. A few months prior to his death Lockhart skidded and bolted into the ocean, where he was found pinned to his machine and still conscious as the waves washed over him.

There is probably not one driver who has not been in a smashup. Few retire to live to old age. Yet the fascination of the game is so keen that they cannot give it up. One would suppose them the most fearless of all men. Barney Oldfield, perhaps the greatest of them all in his

A Kaleidoscope of the Breakneck

Hazards that Lend a Terrifying

Fascination to America's Annual

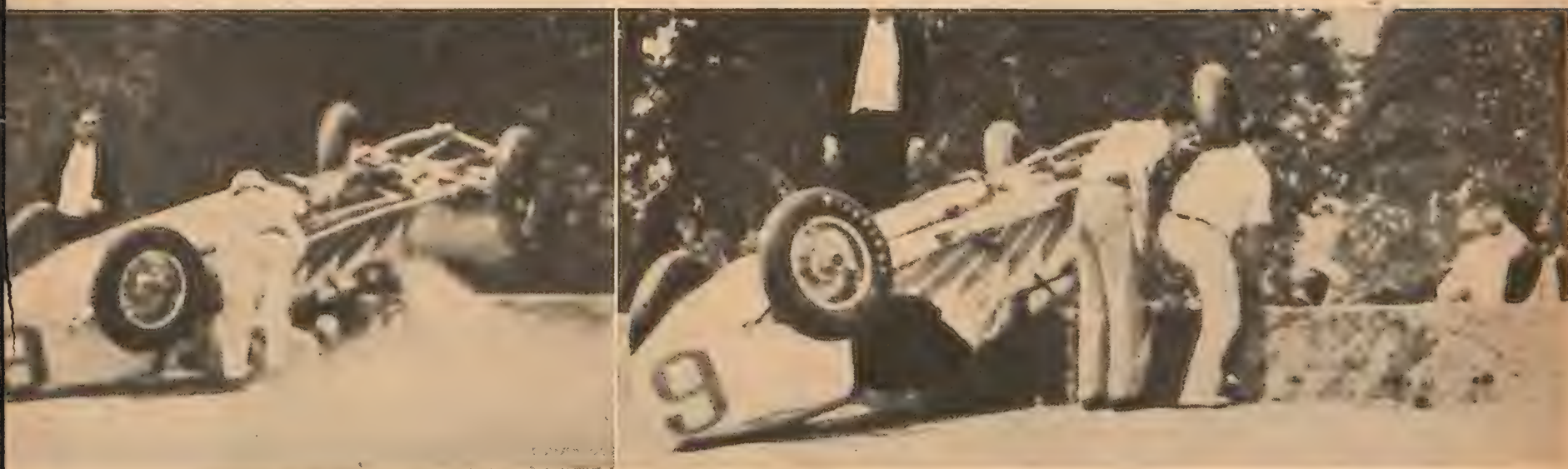
Classic of Automobile Racing

by

ARTHUR J. DALEY

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

at Indianapolis



car climbing the concrete embankment, (center) Gordon helping his mechanic out from under it, and (right) the wreck.

day, said, "You can bet your life we fear in those races. If a man doesn't fear, then he has no brains."

And yet this is the same man who drove to New York from Chicago with his nephew at the wheel of a stock automobile at an average speed of over sixty miles an hour, and on unbanked roads with plenty of turns—certainly as dangerous a trip as any Barney ever had on a speedway—and remarked, "I dozed most of the way."

Perhaps that dozing was not so extraordinary, after all. A group of Englishmen were engaged in the monotonous and sleep-inducing pastime of circling a track in a nonstop-record attempt. One of the drivers finally fell asleep at the wheel, and the car shot off the track and was wrecked. No one was hurt.

That is one of the strangest things about this game. There are two accidents, let us say, in the one race. They are practically identical. Yet in one the driver escapes uninjured and in the other he is killed.

THESE automobile racers are daredevils. There can be no denying that. Yet their cautious preparations for each test are painstaking to an extreme. They take their motors completely apart before a race. Everything must be perfect to the millimeter or to the thousandth of a second. The front axle and the steering mechanism are studied with high-powered microscopes, and when the car is reassembled each adjustment is made by itself, after a special run around the track.

They couldn't improve on that for preparedness. And yet this macabre game claims one victim after another, star and novice alike. Think of Louis Chevrolet, Frank Lockhart, Ray Keech, Jimmy Murphy, Dario Resta, Joe Boyer, Parry Thomas, Jimmy Gleason, and Bob Carey. All were at the top of their profession when they were killed, young men most of them.

Perhaps the most gruesome death of them all befell Parry Thomas. This English driver was the immediate predecessor of Segrave and Campbell as Britain's champion speedster. He was seeking a new world record on the Continent back in 1927. Like a bullet he drove his car, faster and faster until he had hit 180 m. p. h. Then Death took the wheel. A driving chain snapped. It ripped through its protective covering, tore the windshield off, and decapitated the unfortunate Thomas.

That was an accident at terrific speed that ended fatally. Here is one that didn't. An Italian, after that same record, had got up to 150 m. p. h. when his car hit a bump and turned a complete somersault. His wife, on the side lines, fainted. Horror-stricken friends found him totally undamaged except for an old-fashioned black eye.

Not a few automobile racers have endured injury and even death to save spectators. When a tire burst on Joe

Boyer's car, he deliberately drove into the fence in order to keep from running into the crowd. His dying words were, "I'm glad I saved them."

An even more striking example of this same trait was furnished by Norman Batten in the Indianapolis classic a few years back. His courageous effort required long minutes of agonizing torture. Scooting along the backstretch, and more than two miles away from the pits, his car suddenly burst into flame. He could either "bail out" and let his blazing machine run wild, or he could stay in it. Bailing out would have meant a wholesale smashup, so he stuck to his guns. First one hand was so badly burned that he could not drive with it. He switched to the other until he could no longer hold the wheel. Did he give up? He did not. He stood on the seat and steered with one foot until he reached the pits. They had to take his seared and scorched body to the hospital, but he had saved the lives of spectators and fellow drivers.

Most of the accidents on a speedway are attributable to skidding, the main worry of any automobile driver. The all-time record for skidding undoubtedly belongs to Lou White, who went sideslipping a full half-mile.

It happened almost ten years ago. White was standing on the bank of the Hudson one winter's day, and he noticed an inviting expanse of clear ice. He had his racing machine pushed out and a course cleared.

Faster and faster he drove around, always taking the precaution to slow up a bit at the curves. Then, when he had attained a speed of 114 m. p. h., he thoughtlessly tried to take a turn on the fly. The next thing he knew, he was skating sideways toward open water. He had gone half a mile and had just reached the dangerous thin ice when he managed to straighten out.

It could be only a deep-seated love of the game that would impel a man to take chances like that. Even on the speedways the rewards are slight in comparison to the risks. The highest total prize money for a year was \$380,000, and the most any driver ever got in a season was the exceptionally high sum of \$105,000. Jimmy Murphy won that a few years before he crashed and was killed. There are mighty few pilots, however, who ever got what might be termed "big money."

Racing drivers are perfect gluttons for punishment. Billy Arnold won at Indianapolis in 1930. He tried to repeat in 1931, but his car caught fire and he just escaped with his life. A year later his machine hit the retaining wall and was wrecked. The total damage to Arnold was a broken collarbone. He was back again a year later and undoubtedly will be around this May.

The rewards are slim, the risks great, and the thrills many. And Death is always ready to take the wheel.

THE END

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES



MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur writers and artists.

Hidden away in your contributions and your letters are occasionally quite revealing passages. A word or a line sometimes tells volumes of your fight against

odds, of your courage in the face of difficulty.

The woman who wrote the following paragraph did not intend it for publication. In fact, she said as much. It is so human, and shows such a courageous spirit, that I am taking the liberty of printing it, with some changes to conceal her identity.

Your Amateur Page is helping me a lot, even though none of my attempts ever appear in print [she wrote]. A year ago we lost our only child. Since knowing about your Amateur Page I have tried to keep my thoughts occupied by thinking up jokes to make other people laugh. If I can do this, I still think I have something for which to live.

Keep up your brave laughter. It may be your next quip which will win you a place on this page.

Major Edward Jones

Russell E. Curran of Chicago, Illinois, has proved that old proverb of "try, try again." His second contribution—cleverly called Dizzy Definitions—has won a place on this page.

DIZZY DEFINITION

Plagiarism: Stealing a ride on somebody else's train of thought.

Grandma takes a bow—in three sophisticated verses. Good for Grandma! Mrs. S. M. Grimes of Brazil, Indiana, is the author.

A PORTRAIT

*Grandmother sits in her easy chair,
Her cigarette case by her side;
Up-to-the-minute her marceled hair,
Her make-up with skill applied.*

*She shuffles her cards with an expert hand,
Her texts from Culbertson takes;
All the rules of Contract at her command,
She plays for unlimited stakes.*

*When time moves on to the break of day
And the shades of night have fled,
She nimbly jumps in her Ford coupé
And rambles home to her bed.*

"Here is a cartoon with which I hope to evoke one of your much sought chuckles and thereby land in the pages of Liberty." And Henry Fitzgerald of Abington, Massachusetts, did exactly what he hoped.



"What! Another vest-pocket addition!"

Marguerite N. Speed of New York City—an amateur who wants to become a professional via the Amateur Page—paves her way with a short story containing a most important condiment of story writing—an extraordinary finish!

PHANTOM CROOK

It didn't take the French police ten minutes to arrive at my studio. The magic words, "phantom crook," had brought them on the run. For the past month they had been mercilessly lampooned in the press for their failure to catch this thief who was terrorizing all Paris.

They could barely conceal their disgust with my halting French. I showed them dozens of drawings. "Here is your crook, I think."

"But a woman!" they exclaimed.

"No, a man impersonating a woman! What do you think?"

They slapped their thighs enthusiastically. That would indeed explain all the confusing and conflicting stories told by the phantom's victims.

"But explain, m'sieur."

I took them to my huge window.

"For weeks I have sat at this window sketching passers-by. About a month ago I noticed this lady and began sketching her every time she left the house—that house," I indicated. "I admired her graceful lithe figure, her free stride." I thought my listeners would explode if I didn't hurry on. "Look across the street, gentlemen," I continued. "What do you see there? Come, tell me exactly what you see."

They looked. "Nothing—a ladies' millinery shop, a lingerie shop, a dress establishment, and some apartments—otherwise nothing."

"Nothing, eh? A ladies' millinery shop, a lingerie shop, a dress establishment. Well, gentlemen, that, I think, is your answer. It came to me this morning in a flash—that in all the times I had seen that lady pass those shops, she never once stopped to look at them! Gentlemen, what do you think?"

They never once doubted that they had found the Phantom—after all, were they not Frenchmen? And no one understands women better than a Frenchman, unless it be an American artist!

Nicely chosen words, a pleasant lilt to H. Patricia Stewart's entry for the amateur contest. She's from Babylon, Long Island.

PRETENSE

*I watched the moon up high tonight,
Saw the bright stars too;
Let the breezes brush my face,
To calm my thoughts of you.*

*My fluffy dress—so white and soft—
The one that you prefer;
My hair done up the special way,
Just to suit you, sir.*

*I don't know why I'm dreaming—
Pretending just this way.
Perhaps it's just because I hope
You'll come back some day.*

Miss Jesse A. Einfeldt of Brooklyn, New York, handles in a new way an old plot.

TAKING INVENTORY

Ann shelled out the contents of Sidney's pockets on the bed. What was this? Aisle seats tonight for Clare Lombard's new show. Probably a surprise! She buried the envelope in the towering stack.

Sidney dashed out of the bathroom and snatched his new suit from the hanger. He untied a package and produced a pale orchid shirt and purple tie!

At breakfast he was ill at ease in his Easter-egg finery. Before leaving he said, "I won't be home for dinner. We are taking inventory and I must stay late."

Ann couldn't remember whether she replied. She was only conscious of dizzy nausea. Sidney—to lie to her—after ten years!

All morning the numbers K-12 and K-14 danced before her eyes. At noon she called and reserved a seat in front. The afternoon raced by in a hectic round of shopping and beauty-parlor appointments. She arrived at the theater just as the curtain had gone up.

Clare Lombard's perfect form was shown to advantage in three backless gowns in the first act. Toward the close Ann heard, "Sid, hasn't the lady in front a beautiful back?"

"As lovely as Clare Lombard's," answered a familiar voice.

Ann rose at intermission. As she passed their row she called, "Coming out for a smoke, Sidney?" A nod included his young companion.

"Mrs.—ah—ah—Ann, this is Mazie Phillips." Sidney mumbled the reluctant introduction.

Ann dare not meet Sidney's eyes as the girl repaired her make-up. He usually reacted "like a man shaving in public."

"I say," Mazie shrilled; "we're going to a swell night club. Get your boy friend and come." She smoothed her lip rouge with care.

"Please come, Ann," Sidney pleaded.

"Thanks. My husband is working and a night alone isn't what I imagined."

At the night club dancing was continuous. Mazie bubbled enthusiasm. Sidney's shirt collar drooped forlornly.

Two cocktails had strengthened the carrying qualities of the girl's voice and soon she disappeared to the dressing room. Ann followed. Inside, where no secret is sacred, Mazie exclaimed, "I can tell, the way he looks, Sid's crazy about you. What's your husband like?"

"Quiet—very much like Sidney."

"I'll bet he's mad about you."

"Sometimes."

Sobered and sleepy, Mazie consented to be taken home. At the curb Sidney directed, "Sit in front with me, Ann."

He dropped Mazie at her home, then drove up the Drive. "Ann, you were a brick. What made you do it?"

"I learned sportsmanship from you. That's why your lie cut so deeply."

"It wasn't a lie, after all. Tonight I took inventory, and discovered my greatest asset."

HONORABLE MENTION

Honorable mention this week goes to I. M. Godfrey, Boonton, N. J., and to Willis Plaine, Ansonia, Conn., for snapshots; to Arthur Penman, New York City; Mrs. M. H. Gauthier, Halifax, N. S.; Mrs. John W. Crosson, Chicago, Ill.; Laurel Hope, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Ernestine Puryear, Tulsa, Okla.; A. M. Galbraith, Osawatomie, Kan.; and Herman Garnjost, Richmond Hill, N. Y., for short stories; to Margaret R. Egan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Sylve Mathews, South Bend, Ind.; Ellen B. Childs, Gardiner, Me.; and Helen Adkins Sims, San Antonio, Tex., for poems; and to Marvin Mack, Hollywood, Calif., for his clever quips.

PRIZE WINNERS, APRIL 18

Again a short story comes home the winner. Kenneth M. Day, San Diego, Calif., author of *Nothing Important*, wins the first prize of \$25. Paul L. Johnson, Benton Harbor, Mich., wins the \$10 second prize for his cartoon about taxes. The \$5 third-prize awards go to Mrs. R. C. Swingler, Seattle, Wash., for her satire, *Macaroni Farming*; to Ken Gunall, Alliance, Ohio, for his cartoon; and to Albert H. Briggs, Clifton Springs, N. Y., for his jingle. Congratulations to all of you!

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE

Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud. Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive \$5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

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VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of \$25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; \$10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and \$5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Here is one of the most unique entries that have been received by this page. It is a group of truly nutty folks. Bessie Leach Hayden of Talladega, Alabama, the contributor, asks if her particular talent could be made a financial asset. I am sure it could,

particularly since she states she makes dolls out of corn shucks and other novelties. I hope the reproduction is clear, for each individual head on her "wheel of fortune" is the shell of a different nut. A demonstration of exceptional skill.





She came straight to me. "Why should you doubt me, Jimmy?" she asked. "I didn't betray you."

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

SPRING 1937 finds Yokohama full of war rumors. Young Lieutenant James T. Grant, U. S. N., discovers that Japan has secretly built new supersubmarines, and is ordered to leave the country by Prince Kakagawa, the dreaded war lord. So he and Mike Delevan, his devoted hanger-on, and a mysterious white girl, Marian Lamar, are hustled aboard a waiting steamer. Hawaii bound, Jimmy Grant falls in love with Marian, in spite of the fact that he is engaged to Rita Cannelle.

When they reach Honolulu the Japanese planes are beginning its bombardment. Grant and Mike offer their services to Admiral Neville, and at once they are under heavy fire. His own danger means nothing to the young lieutenant. What may happen to his family, who live in Hawaii, and to Marian, occupies his whole mind. In the midst of siege and mounting terror, Grant stumbles over the body of his slain kid brother.

Almost at the same time a great flying clipper from the United States lands in the islands and the fighting Grant is ordered to go back with her. Frantically Marian pleads to go with him, but he brushes her aside. Aboard the clipper, he comes upon Mike the ubiquitous and a black steward whom he has dubbed "Jubilee."

Arriving in San Diego, young Grant is hailed as a hero, and Rita, his first love, greets him with touching devotion. But he tears himself away to report to Washington. In the capital he encounters Marian. He can't believe his eyes. But it seems she has "scooped" the world with a story of his great bravery in the defense of Hawaii. Mysterious as ever, she warns him to stop the President from sending the fleet to the relief of the beleaguered Pacific islands.

That command is issued, however, and Grant is ordered to go with the fleet. He flies west. In Los Angeles he meets

Admiral Timms, who tells him he is to be drafted for Intelligence work and is to become "Dan Browne."

Before he sails with the fleet, Grant learns that Rita's father has been killed. Bidding her and her mother farewell, he sets forth, and soon is in a decisive naval battle. The Americans are beaten. Under Bill Marvel, city editor, he writes the epic story. Then California is besieged. One day Rita phones him, hardly able to speak. Rushing to her home, he finds her mother dead and Rita dying of a self-inflicted dagger thrust. Sung Wo, a Chinese waiter-doctor, attends her. Downstairs, a Jap who had attacked Rita is also dying. His wife, a redheaded white woman, is compelled to prepare Rita for marriage—and death.

PART NINE—BLACK NIGHT AND DAWN

I KNEW we should have to kill the woman. I knew it, but didn't want to know it. I kept thinking of it all the time she was in the bedroom with Sung Wo preparing Rita for her marriage.

I couldn't look at her when she came out with Sung Wo. "She is awake," Sung Wo said. "We have bandaged the wound. There will be time."

Mike stepped into the woman's path. She did not see him. She was walking backward, stealthily, her fingers catching at her dress so that, if she suddenly decided to turn and bolt, she could keep it from impeding her.

She bumped into Mike. She gasped, paled.

"Don't be afraid, sister," Mike said. "Your old man's all right. We've sent him to the hospital."

"What hospital?" she demanded, turning slowly to face him.

"Mercy," Mike said quickly.

"Mercy?" she repeated in a low dull tone. "I didn't

I L L U S T R A T I O N B Y



Love Brings a Tender, Tragic Inter-
lude in an Amazing Tale of East
and West and WAR

by MAJ. GEORGE
FIELDING
ELIOT and
EDWARD
DOHERTY

WITHOUT WARNING

know that there was any Mercy in Los Angeles."

Mike didn't answer that. He looked at me.

"You want to question her, lieutenant?" he asked. I shook my head.

The woman stood there, breathing hard. Suddenly she fell to her knees at my feet.

"Don't kill him!" she begged. She clutched the cloth of my trousers and her fingers dug into my legs. "He didn't harm the girl. He was crazy about her. He was crazy about her ever since he first saw her. He couldn't help it. She was—she was so lovely. But he didn't harm her. He just wanted to talk to her. Her mother didn't understand. Neither did she. Oh, please—for God's sake—"

I couldn't stand it.

"Get up," I said. "You've got to be bridesmaid."

She got up. She sat down in a chair and wept.

The priest came out of the bedroom. He had put a lacy surplice over his black robe. A purple stole hung from his shoulders.

"We are ready now," he said gently. He asked me my name.

"Lieutenant James Grant, United States Naval Intelligence," I said. "This is my best man, Sergeant Mike Delevan of the marines. And this is the bridesmaid, Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Kitaka," she said.

"Does Miss Cannelle know?" I asked Sung Wo.

"No," he said. "I told her she would get well, and that her mother was but slightly hurt."

I braced myself, tried to smile, and went into the bedroom. Rita's eyes glowed when she saw me. She drew up a hand from the pink-and-white bedclothes, and I knelt by her side and kissed it.

"My husband!" she said.

There was the faintest pressure in her fingertips.

"Yes," I said, striving to maintain my self control. "Your husband, now and always, my wife."

Long after the ceremony I stayed on my knees, holding my bride's hand, talking to her.

"It won't be long until you're well," I said. "Then we'll go away. You and I."

"I'm so happy," she whispered once—"so very, very happy. God is so good!"

Her eyes closed slowly, like those of a sleepy child, the lashes making long fine shadows on her cheeks. How sweet her mouth was, I thought; how sweet and innocent! Her hands grew cold. I might sob now, and she would not hear. But there were no sobs in me.

I rose and kissed her forehead, and stroked her silky hair, and stared into her white face.

I went to the window and looked out on the languorous night, and drew in deep lungfuls of the cool air freighted with the smell of the flowers and the orange and lemon trees sleeping in the patio below.

"They loved this place," I said. "They couldn't be happy away from it. We'll bury them in the patio."

I turned to see Mike putting his rosary in Rita's hands. There was a cedar chest against the wall. Rita's wedding dress was in it, and her linens. And there was a perfume that almost made me cry out with anguish, it was so familiar.

I took out the linens.

"Your people may have need of these," I said to the priest. "Take them and everything else in the house."

The redheaded woman saw me holding the wedding dress in my hands.

"I'll dress her for you," she said, "if—if you'll let me."

That unexpected kindness touched me. Tears stung my eyes. I thrust the dress into her hands and left the room, thinking, "Yes, do this last thing for me before I strike you dead."

I went rummaging through the apartment. I had to have something to do.

The redheaded woman was asleep on the couch when I returned to the front room.

"She went to pieces," Mike said. "Sung Wo's given her a hypo."

I went into the bedroom, picked up my bride in her

wedding finery, placed her in the cedar chest. There was also a cedar chest in the other bedroom.

I carried them out, Rita first, and then her mother. The priest and I dug a wide grave, working as quietly as we could. Sung Wo stood guard. Mike remained upstairs, watching the woman.

We went back to the apartment. The woman was still asleep on the couch. The priest and I washed our hands and faces and brushed our clothes.

"Is it necessary that this woman die?" the priest asked.

"Military necessity," I tried to say.

"She is dead," Sung Wo said softly. "The hypo."

I carried her back to her own bed in the apartment below and left her there. It was all I could do for her.

We sat up all night in my rooms in Seventh Street—Mike, Sung Wo, and I.

It was nearly dawn when we first heard the screaming.

We got up slowly, reluctantly, each one of us, and went into the front room. We looked out into the dark. We could see nothing.

"Bill's done it," Mike said.

I opened another bottle of whisky.

The screaming never abated.

"I'm going to him," Mike exploded. "God help me, I can't stand it!"

"If that Jap is on the flagpole," I said, "there'll be a crowd of Japanese about the base of it. They'd kill you. They'd kill any white man."

MIKE poured half a tumbler of whisky and drank it neat. He paced up and down.

"The poor devil," he said. "Sung Wo, get me a gun."

Sung Wo went to the dumb-waiter shaft and gave a signal. A rifle with a silencer on it came up. But it was too dark to fire. When we could make him out, a vague writhing figure between heaven and earth, I took the screen from the window. Mike aimed and fired. The screams were stilled.

Sung Wo made some breakfast. We couldn't eat, but we could drink the coffee.

It was almost noon when we heard Jubilee's heavy tread on the stairway that led up to the trap door. I opened the trap.

"Where's Bill?" I said.

Jubilee gave me a vacant look and shook his head. He looked ill, spent.

"I couldn't help it, Mistuh Delevan," he said.

"Sit down," Mike said.

Jubilee slumped into a chair. His hands and face glistened with sweat. He began to whimper.

"Stop that," Mike commanded. "Talk—don't slobber. You and Bill Marvel found this Jap. I was there. I took the dame away. What happened then?"

There were quick steps on the outer stairway. I threw a coat over Jubilee. Then I remembered.

"Just the Jap boy coming with the afternoon papers," I said.

I went to the door and held it partly open, taking the papers.

We waited a little time to make sure we were alone.

"Then what happened?" Mike insisted.

"Nothing."

"You held that ladder while that maniac stuck the Jap on the pointed pole and pulled him down on it. You did, didn't you?"

"No," Jubilee said, squirming. "No! Soon as he got to the top of the ladder I run."

Mike put the bottle to his lips again. "Now what?" he asked me.

"Now," said Jubilee, "the Japs are killing everybody and burning their houses. They're shooting people, stringing them to trees, beating them to death with stones and clubs. And the Japanese soldiers—"

"Mother of God!" said Mike.

I opened the paper and read the official bulletin, printed in English and Japanese—Yamahara's proclamation. In reprisal for the American atrocity of this morning, the general announced that he would hang ten American hostages, including the governor of the Japanese province formerly known as California.

These ten would be executed within forty-eight hours unless within that time the perpetrators of the outrage surrendered, or were surrendered by others. A reward of a thousand dollars was offered for any information leading to the capture of the American barbarians.

I read the announcement aloud.

Jubilee stood up and made his way into my bedroom. I didn't think he'd make it. Mike took the Negro's arm and helped him to the bed.

"I got a wife in New Orleans," Jubilee said, "and two kids."

"Yeah?" Mike said.

"Little kids. Oldest one's eighteen months. The other's just a baby."

"Yeah?"

Wearily Jubilee's arms explored his pockets, bringing up bills—fives, tens, twenties, ones, a few handfuls of change.

"Send 'em this on the noiseless plane, please, Mistuh Browne," he said to me.

"Sure," I said. I took the money from him.

Jubilee looked at Mike.

"And will you write her, Mistuh Delevan?" he asked.

"Just a line, maybe. Just say I'm well."

"Write it yourself," Mike said. "What's eating you? You think you're going to die?"

"Yassuh," Jubilee whispered. "I'm going to die, all right. But first I got to catch me some sleep. I'm so tired!"

Mike stared at me. He stared at Sung Wo.

"He thinks he's going to give himself up," he said.

"Sure," Jubilee said. "Didn't I hold the ladder?"

He closed his eyes and lay quiet.

Mike pulled out his gun and aimed it at Jubilee's heart.

"Get up!"

Jubilee got up.

"Turn around," Mike ordered.

The puzzled Negro obeyed.

Mike's good eye winked at me.

"Eight ball in the hip pocket," he said softly, and fired.

"Blessed Jesus!" Jubilee said. He fell and lay quiet.

"Creased him," Mike said. "He'll be all right. Fix him up, Sung Wo. And if he asks for me—tell him I owed him that."

He put the gun in my hand.

"You won't stop me, lieutenant?" he asked.

"No, Mike," I said.

We shook hands.

I went to the front window and watched Mike limping down the street, his great shoulders swaggering.

"He's crazy!" I said. "The Japs'll know he couldn't have done it."

"Island dwarfs!" Sung Wo said. "They'll know—but they'll shoot him to save face."

I PUT on my beret and started for the door

"If Mr. Marvel should return—" Sung Wo began.

"He won't," I said. "But if he does, tell him I've gone to the Biltmore to see a girl—a Japanese spy. I may not be back. The Japanese may have Bill now. If they have, they'll be looking for me. If I don't see you again, Sung Wo—"

He smiled, dismissing that probability.

"If you are in trouble," he said, "look for a Chinese. There will be one near you night and day hereafter." He bent again over Jubilee. "This one needs rest and care. Sing Fat will shelter him. If they search here, they find nothing. Good hunting, Dan Browne!"

My auto had been badly damaged by the rioting mobs, but it could still run.

There were too many cars about the hotel. I had to park in Flower Street. I walked on foot through sullen crowds.

The lobby was full of Japanese officers talking about their comrade on the stake and planning atrocities of their own. I fell into a sort of doze listening to them, a sort of mental paralysis.

Suddenly I was looking into a pair of eyes, and they were deep and blue and lovely and dear. I didn't know whose eyes they were. I knew only that I needed what I saw in them, that I'd hungered and thirsted and suffered for it, and there it was, a wonder and joy too great to be

restrained, almost too great to bear. "Oh, my dear!" a voice said. "Oh, my dear!"

I could only reach out and take her hands.

"They told me you were dead," she whispered.

"I was dead and in hell," I said. "Now—oh, now I'm alive and this is heaven, Marian."

We sat on a little divan.

"You are here on Intelligence work," she breathed, hardly moving her lips. "I should have known."

"I am Dan Browne, Canadian newspaperman."

She drew back from me in sudden alarm, glanced furtively about her.

"They're looking for you!" she said. "Kakagawa will have you shot. He's in this hotel. I have an appointment with him."

"But I can't leave you," I said. "I can't!"

Suddenly I thought of a key I'd found in Rita's apartment, the key to my sister's front door. Helen must have given it to Rita when she left for her New York visit, knowing she would give it to me if I needed it. I took it out of my pocket, tore off the tag.

"This is the key to my sister's house in Figueroa Street," I said. "The address is on this tag. Meet me there. As soon as you can."

I could not resist turning at the door and looking back. She was talking to a Japanese officer.

I went quickly through the door, and turned. I was being followed. I had to get rid of them. I went into a chop-suey parlor in Flower Street and told the waiters I was being followed.

"Sung Wo," I said, "wouldn't like that."

Two little Japanese came into the restaurant within the next few minutes, ordered fried rice and tea, and pretended not to see me.

We couldn't take prisoners, so we had to kill.

I WENT over to them after a time and searched the bodies. I learned from papers in their pockets that they were in the employ of Prince Kakagawa. I learned also that Kakagawa had been appointed Imperial Viceroy of New Japan. I wondered how Yamahara liked that. He was living in the home built by Bill Brons, the movie star, in Beverly Hills.

I had a sudden idea. I gave the papers to one of the waiters.

"Have them delivered to Sung Wo at once," I said, "and tell him to round up a gang of fighting men, Americans and Chinese. And have somebody follow me. I'm still in a jam."

I drove slowly past my sister's house, looking on both sides of the street. I saw no one. I parked the car several blocks away and sauntered slowly back.

I felt light as air going up the walk to the front door, but I didn't forget to look all around before I put the key in the lock. I saw nobody. I opened the door. A Japanese lieutenant and half a dozen gendarmes confronted me with drawn guns.

"Lieutenant Grant, you are under arrest!" said the lieutenant politely.

The shock of surprise numbed me. Only one person in the world knew I'd intended to visit this house.

A car drove up; I was led to it.

"Secret Service Rendezvous 18," the officer told his chauffeur.

The place was an old brick hotel near the Angels' Flight. I was led through the office, a dirty little room lined with potted palms, up a squeaky stairway, and into a room on the second floor. There was a rickety bed there, a washstand, and a bureau.

"I have orders," the officer said, "to treat you as a guest of His Highness Prince Kakagawa. Shall I have dinner sent up to you?"

I thought of Marian. She was probably dining with the prince now, laughing with him at me.

I thought of Mike, waiting in some filthy cell for the guard to come and take him to the firing squad.

"To hell with your dinner," I said.

I threw myself on the bed and tried to sleep. I couldn't.

After a time I became aware of a scratching in the ceiling above me. Some plaster fell on my stomach. Presently an Oriental face peered through a hole.



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"Hello, Woodpecker," I said. "Come right in."
"Hello, Stla's and Stlipes," he said. "You climb lope?"

"Lope?" I asked. "Or elope?"

"Lope."

"Sure. I can climb a rope like fire."

He let down a rope, and I went up through the hole, hand over hand.

"I Lee Chow," he said. "Sung Wo man."

He went ahead of me along the third-floor corridor toward an open window and a fire escape in the rear of the building. We halted there a moment, and I looked down and saw a sentry.

Lee Chow shined his flashlight out the window. Immediately a Chinese carrying a huge laundry basket appeared under the light of the lamppost across the street. Another Chinese ran up and struck at him. In an instant the two were rolling over and over, making the night flinch with their cat cries. One broke loose, drew a gun, and fired. The sentry, screaming curses, ran toward the two.

"Now," said Lee Chow.

We hurried down the fire escape, hung by our hands from the bottom platform, dropped safely, and ran.

Within half an hour I was in the back room of a laundry on Sunset Boulevard, drinking rice wine and talking to Sung Wo. He had rounded up twenty Americans.

"Good men?" I asked.

"Marines," he answered simply.

"They'll do. Get all the submachine guns you can, and grenades, and high-powered rifles, and side arms of course. How many Chinese like Lee Chow have you?"

"As many as you need, Dan Browne, all in uniforms of the Imperial Gendarmerie."

Upstairs we found a circle of marines smoking, drinking, sprawling on cane-bottomed chairs. A one-eyed man was telling a tall tale.

"Mike!" I cried. "Damn you, you're not Mike. Mike's dead, or near it."

"Look out for my ribs," he said. "I'm only half dead."

I took him to one side. "How did you get away?"

"Yamahara," Mike said. "He damn near kissed me good-by. He didn't know I was just fronting for that black no-account screwball. He thought I was volunteering to die for the governor. Yeah! He called me a hero. On the level. And he said if I was a lousy Jap he'd give me the Order of the Golden Kite. So I took the medal out of my pocket and threw it on his desk. 'I got it,' I said. He wanted to know where I got it. So I told him. I got it in Vladivostok in 1919, when me and my outfit saved some Japs from the Reds."

"And Yamahara let you go?"

"And give me two bottles of sake. It ain't bad, but there ain't none left, lieutenant."

"He knew you didn't put that fellow on the stake."

"Sure. Bill Marvel give himself up—and his fingerprints were all over the flagpole. They checked. They stuck him in a cell. And, glory be, he wrecked the joint! They bayoneted him eighteen times before they got him out. Yamahara told me that."

"Well," I said, "we've got work to do tonight. Let's get at it."

I OUTLINED my plan to the men. I gave them each their instructions, and watched them go out of the laundry one by one.

"And now," Sung Wo said, "shall I serve dinner, Dan Browne?"

"Did you see her?" Mike whispered when Sung Wo had gone into the kitchen.

I told him then what had happened.

"Not that girl!" he said. "I'd stake my life on her."

I laughed at that. It hurt like hell to laugh. "I did stake my life," I said.

"I had a girl once," Mike said. "I thought she'd double-crossed me. She made a bum out of me. I found out I was wrong—but I'm still a bum."

We met near the Beverly Hills Hotel at ten o'clock that night. Sung Wo, dressed as a lieutenant colonel of the Imperial Gendarmerie, arrived, leading his men. I gave the order to scatter and get as close to the Brons home

as possible. Then Mike and I crept into the grounds and waited. We weren't far away when Sung Wo brought in his column of twos and called for the commander of the guard, a stiff goose-stepping little warrant officer.

"You are relieved, sergeant major," Sung Wo said. "Report to your barracks immediately with your men."

"Yes, sir," the noncom said, saluting. "But my orders are—"

"You have just heard your orders," Sung Wo said in a voice that made the sergeant cringe. "Obey them."

"Yes, sir," he said. He went around the house, falling out his men and forming them in a column of twos. Sung Wo went with him, placing his Chinese at their posts.

When the Japanese had disappeared, I blew my whistle. Four men came out of the darkness, silenced a chauffeur and footman sitting in Kakagawa's limousine—I knew it was his because his arms were on it—relieved them of their liveries, and carried them away. Other men appeared.

SUNG WO went to the door and knocked. Mike and I were on either side of him. A servant, staring through the glass, saw what he thought was a Japanese officer and perhaps a couple of prisoners. He opened the door. Mike knocked him on the head. I caught him as he fell, and passed him to the man behind me. We went silently into a quiet, magnificent room with French doors on three sides of it.

I stationed two men there, and went on.

Behind drawn portieres at the rear of the house we heard the music of a samisen, subdued laughter, voices of men and women, an occasional Japanese word. I pulled the portieres an inch or so apart, and drew in a deep breath. Prince Kakagawa was there.

It was a large room, blazing with light. At the far end of it rose a great wide marble staircase. All the furniture had been removed, and mats placed on the floor. Kakagawa, in a scarlet silk kimono and the scarf of the Order of the Rising Sun, was sitting cross-legged on a mat, holding a cake in one hand, sipping wine, and talking to a colonel in khaki, two generals in dark-blue dress uniforms, and a civilian in European dress. Four geisha in gay silks were posturing and dancing. Another was singing to the music of her samisen. I nodded to Mike and drew the portieres wide.

"Hands up, everybody!" I said in Japanese. "You are under arrest."

The colonel bravely called for the guard and started up, reaching for a gun. I shot him through the head. He fell at the prince's feet.

"Grant!" the prince said. He stared at me as though he were drunk. He put his hands up, but did not rise.

"Scram!"

The civilian rose, a venerable fine old man, and started toward me. It was Kato—Uncle Kato.

"Oh, why did you come here tonight?" I cried. "We are at war! You—" I couldn't say more.

"War," he said. "Yes. My people and yours—we are at war. A war neither people wanted. Yes, we are at war, Jimmy. But you and I—"

"Mike," I said, "go upstairs. Bring down everybody you find. Take four men with you. Sung Wo, search the kitchen and the rest of the house. Bring all the servants here."

Kato turned away from me, his face to the wall.

Kakagawa rose, still holding a glass of wine.

"May I ask your plans?" he said.

"You are to accompany me to Washington, Your Highness," I said. "We leave by plane."

"My dear lieutenant, I am being kidnaped? In my own stronghold?"

"Exactly."

I motioned to two of the men, and they took him, not ungently, by the arms and led him to me.

"Turn him around," I said.

They turned him around and I handcuffed him.

Mike came limping down the stairway toward me.

"Miss Lamar is here, lieutenant," he announced.

I strode forward quickly and stood at the bottom of the stairs. The handle of the gun burned my flesh.

She came down slowly, followed by her maid and Mike's

four men. She came down regally, head held high, arms at her sides. I felt cold and helpless and undone. My gun hand dropped. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

She came straight to me. And I knew, before she said a word, that I was beaten. I knew she could do with me anything she wished.

"Why should you doubt me, Jimmy?" she asked softly. "I didn't betray you. My bag was opened. When I looked in it, the tag with the address on it was gone. But it doesn't matter now. I can prove my loyalty. Inside His Highness's kimono there is a silk pouch. Will you get it for me, please?"

Mike took it and handed it to me.

"Open it," Marian said.

I found a number of papers in it, and a flat envelope sealed with black wax. One of the papers was an imperial rescript appointing Kakagawa Viceroy of the New Japan. I opened the envelope.

"That," Marian said—and for the first time there was excitement in her voice—"is the précis of the last secret meeting of the Japanese cabinet, which was attended by the Emperor. Japan believed Australia, New Zealand, and Canada would drag England into the war on America's side, unless she were given troubles of her own. So the imperial cabinet decided to stir India into insurrection."

I COULD read the Japanese ideographs well enough to know she spoke the truth.

"The whole plan is there," she went on. "I've already seen a copy. You have the original, signed with the Emperor's own hand, brought to reassure General Yamahara and to convince him the orders are genuine. Yamahara, you know, is jealous and distrustful of His Highness."

I looked at the imperial signet.

"It means England will come in; it means we are allies," she said. I saw comprehension—and something else—in her eyes. I turned to Mike.

"Take Miss Lamar and her maid to the car," I said. "Wait there."

Sung Wo came in with his men.

"The servants?" I asked.

"They died bravely," Sung Wo said.

"Gentlemen," I said to the generals, "you have heard and seen too much, and it is essential that your high command remain entirely in the dark as to what has happened in this house tonight. I cannot take you with me as prisoners; the safety of my country may depend upon your silence for the next forty-eight hours. It is the fortune of war, gentlemen. I am sorry. Sung Wo, have them taken out into a rear room and shot at once."

One general bowed to His Highness.

"Good-by, Highness," he said. "It has been a pleasure to serve you. We have seen the most glorious days in our country's history. We die before we can witness defeat."

"It is time to die," the other said, "when Americans and Chinese dare

invade a Japanese home. Banzai, Highness! The game was worth the playing."

Sung Wo and his men marched them out, and the geisha with them.

Kato turned to me.

"Your father opened the gates of Christianity for me, Jimmy," he said. "Let it be the hand of his son, my friend, who opens for me the gates of heaven."

I bowed, and he knelt at my feet.

"Good-by, Jimmy," he said. "Good-by, Highness."

He lifted up his head and began to pray, and I stood woodenly, nerving myself to fire.

"O God Who made all men and

made them brothers," he prayed, as nearly as I can translate it into English, "bring back peace into the world again. O Son of God Who came to bring peace on earth and good will to men, and Who died to save mankind, accept the death of Thy humble servant as a willing sacrifice to Thy inscrutable ends."

I squeezed the trigger.

The prince looked down at Kato, lying near to the body of the colonel.

"The man of peace and the man of war," he said. "The same hand snuffs them out."

Nobody talked as the car sped over the concrete. Kakagawa's car, in which we rode, led the way. Lee

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to the girl
who's in Love

YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes . . . you want him to approve of every least detail.

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MASCARA

Chow and another Chinese, dressed in Kakagawa's livery, occupied the front seat. Lee Chow drove. The curtains were drawn. Japanese patrols presented arms as we went by. Back of us came the marines, armed with sub-machine guns. Sung Wo's uniformed Chinese brought up the rear.

Near Saugus we turned to the right, and stopped in a tree-enclosed open field, and I looked back toward the city. Cars were coming. The Japanese in pursuit. Now there would be a fight. And if the plane were not on time—

Sung Wo and a number of his men rushed about the field, laying out small colored lights, red and orange and green and brilliant white.

The last carload of marines had come up.

"We'll have to fight," Mike said. "They're after us."

"Place your men," I told him. He hurried away, bellowing orders.

The last light had scarcely blossomed when we heard a faint humming sound in the sky, and a vast winged shape came swooping down upon us from out of the night. It was the noiseless plane.

It struck the ground gently, rolled to a stop. I hurried to it, dragging Kakagawa with me. Bill Haywood, an army flyer, jumped out.

"How many can you carry, Bill?" I asked him.

"Five. No more."

"How many with you?"

"Two. Young Penny—you know him?—and a mechanic."

"You'll have to unload the mechanic and leave him here," I said. "And Penny will have to—"

"No," Marian said. She was at my side, and I had not seen her. "Let Penny stay. My maid will remain here. We must find out whether Yamahara is shifting troops to the north—toward Canada."

"All right," I said.

I shoved Kakagawa into the plane. I told Bill who he was. I had to take him to Washington, I explained, and I had to take the girl. She was a British agent. She'd helped to capture the prince. She must see the British ambassador.

"Make it snappy," he said. "Where is she?"

She had disappeared. I ran around looking for her. I couldn't find her.

I dashed back to the plane in time to see Haywood help one woman aboard. The other, with a handkerchief to her face, walked away.

An automobile came roaring up the road. Another. A third. A fourth. There was the sound of shots. I could hear machine-gun fire even above the roar of the plane.

We took off. We banked and circled. I looked down at the flashes of the guns.

"Thank God you're safe!" I said, and turned to Marian. But it wasn't Marian. It was her maid.

"You must leave her there," she said.

"Must?" I cried. "Haywood, turn. Land!"

"No," the maid said. "No. She has work to do, Lieutenant Grant. It is not only men who know the meaning of the word duty."

Penny came back to me from the pilothouse.

"What did you say, lieutenant?" he asked.

"I said hurry," I answered. "Step on it. For God's sake, give her the gun! The sooner I get to Washington the sooner we end the war!"

But in what way can Lieutenant Grant hope to end the war when he gets to Washington? The enemy appears to have the upper hand; yet—For the magnificent and logical climax to the clash of arms between East and West read the concluding installment in the next issue of Liberty.

GOOD BOOKS—by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **AROUND THE WORLD IN ELEVEN YEARS** by Patience, Richard, and John Abbe. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

This is a completely artless account by three children of their travels in many countries. But it is a book for grown-ups, who will be delighted at the keen observation of the children.

★ ★ ★ **BEYOND SING THE WOODS** by Trygve Gulbrandsen, translated from the Norwegian by Naomi Walford. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A grand story with fresh, interesting characters in a background that is rich and new. It has been called one of the classics of our time. We recommend it.

★ ★ ½ **JAPAN MUST FIGHT BRITAIN** by Lt. Com. Tota Ishimaru, I.J.N., translated by G. V. Rayment. The Telegraph Press.

Japan must fight the British Empire, and probably America, too, as her ally. Economic conditions and racial pride demand it. England is vulnerable, and the author destroys her, on paper.

★ ★ **THE SHIELD OF SILENCE** by Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A novel of high crime in Chicago's upper world, with all the ingredients that make a good mystery story.

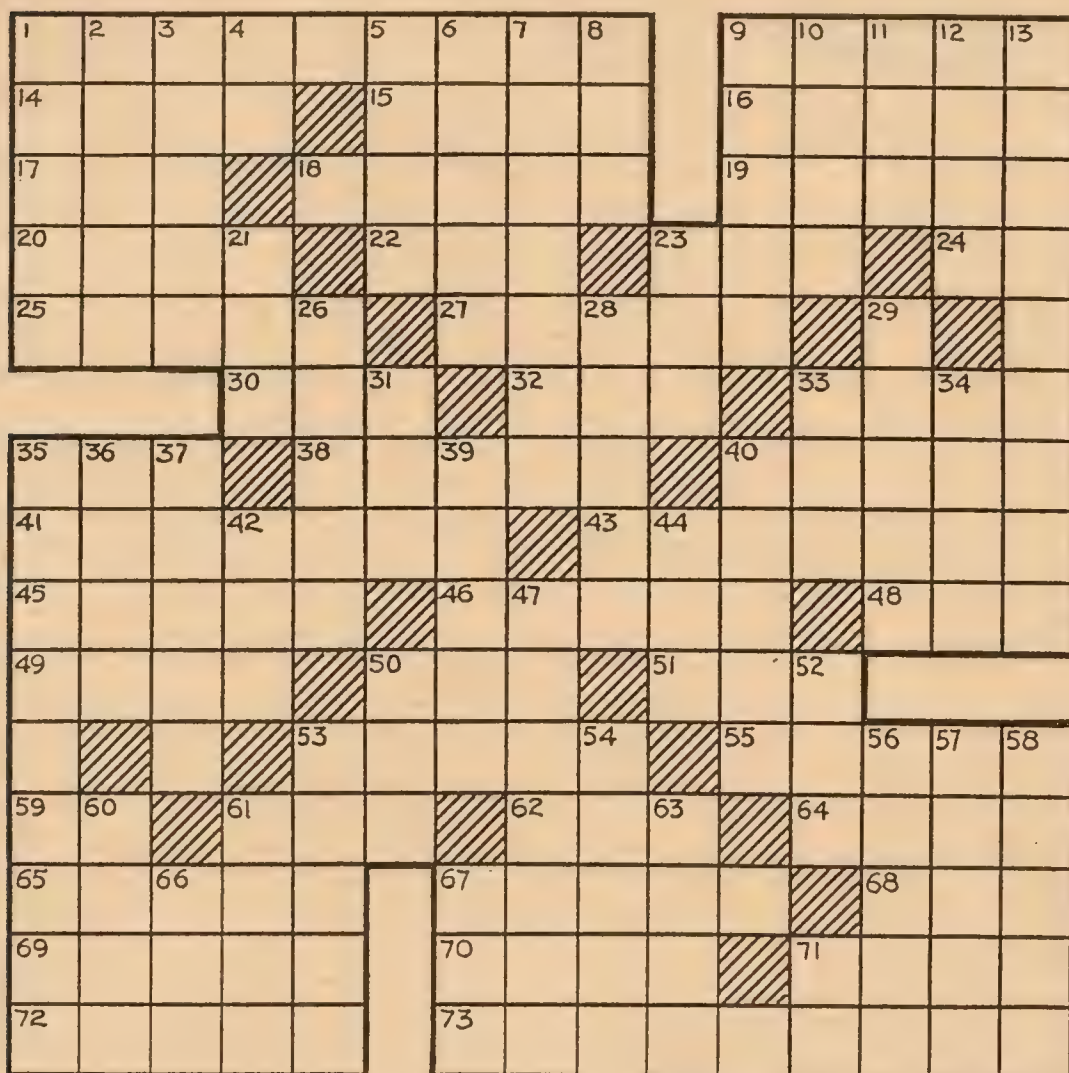
★ ★ **THE MENACE OF ROOSEVELT AND HIS POLICIES** by Howard E. Kershner. Greenberg: Publisher.

In which another plan is presented to lead us out of economic difficulties.

★ ½ **VIVE LE ROY** by Ford Madox Ford. J. B. Lippincott Company. The mysterious disappearance of an American Communist in royalist France.

SPORTSWORD PUZZLE

Wherein a knowledge of football, racing, boxing, tennis, etc., will help you in arriving at a solution.



HORIZONTAL

- 1 The father of baseball
- 9 A New England university
- 14 Former lightweight champ
- 15 Zero in tennis
- 16 Cowboys' circus
- 17 American Bowling Congress (abbr.)
- 18 First name of Pittsburgh's famous shortstop
- 19 Vigilant
- 20 Indigo plants
- 22 National Athletic League (abbr.)
- 23 Every golfer's dream
- 24 Suffix forming nouns
- 25 Pitcher's requisite (slang)
- 27 Custom
- 30 Encountered
- 32 Before
- 33 Speedboat champ
- 35 Fish
- 38 Famous jockey
- 40 Horse holding the three-furlong record
- 41 Rose Bowl winners of 1935
- 43 Home of Clarkson Tech
- 45 Men's singles tennis champ 1931-32
- 46 Not abundant
- 48 Scythe (Scot.)
- 49 Woman's name
- 50 Greek letter
- 51 They're cauliflowered on fighters (sing.)

- 53 Town in Pennsylvania
- 55 A dance
- 59 Baseball position (abbr.)
- 61 To have
- 62 Horse (slang)
- 64 Christmas
- 65 Excuse (colloq.)
- 67 Mexican coin (pl.)
- 68 The alder fly (Brit.)
- 69 Knucklebones (S. Africa)
- 70 Range
- 71 Notion
- 72 Fencing weapons
- 73 Heavyweight champ before John L. (two words)

VERTICAL

- 1 Dizzy plus Daffy
- 2 Path
- 3 Wrestler's cry of defeat (slang)
- 4 To exist
- 5 First name of a Detroit pitcher
- 6 Kentucky Derby winner 1910
- 7 Torn off
- 8 An affirmative
- 9 Support
- 10 A part
- 11 Poem
- 12 Have been
- 13 The Ramblers (two words)
- 21 First name of fistiana's Boston Tar Baby
- 23 Era
- 26 Tablelands
- 28 A pancake (Sp. Amer.)
- 29 Covers
- 31 A Scotch cap
- 33 In handicapping a race horse these are put in the saddle (abbr.)
- 34 Approved (slang)
- 35 Kentucky Derby winner 1934
- 36 Won the light-heavyweight title from Rosenbloom
- 37 First name of a popular Irish wrestler
- 39 Distasteful
- 40 Perfume
- 42 First name of a famous woman golfer (abbr.)
- 44 Unit
- 47 Kayoed by Joe Louis
- 50 To lamb
- 52 Score in baseball
- 53 U. S. hockeyists defeated them at Garmisch-Partenkirchen
- 54 Relieved
- 56 Famous woman tennis star
- 57 Home of Baldwin-Wallace College
- 58 Jaeger gull
- 60 Unsuccessful sport venture (slang)
- 61 Reed instrument
- 63 To urge
- 66 Oil (dia.)
- 67 Soft food
- 71 A prefix

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

A correction: In puzzle No. 8, May 16, the definition for vertical 36 should have been: a geometrical figure.

THINK OF IT!
\$1085⁰⁰ of Old Line Legal Reserve
 Life Insurance for **1⁰⁰** a month at age 25

Yes! Think of it! Only Postal Life of New York offers this remarkable policy. Postal has no agents! That is why the low premium of only \$1.00 a month secures \$1194.00 of insurance at age 21; \$948.00 at age 30; \$813.00 at age 35, etc. Issued to men and women at all ages 21 to 45. Send coupon to find out amount at your age.

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Occupation.....

Name.....

Full address.....

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Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

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Vox Pop

Sound and Fury Follow Without Warning

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I want to congratulate Liberty on securing the story Without Warning, written by G. F. Eliot and E. Doherty. Just reading the first chapter has made me realize the need for strong national defense. I believe that this story will be a milestone in awakening the public to the fact that this country needs a larger navy and army, and that these two forces should have the best equipment that money can buy, so as to be able to defend this country against all aggressors.—*James F. Hungerford.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I object most strenuously to the serial, Without Warning, now running in Liberty. It is most unfortunate that, at a time when so many people are sincerely trying to promote peace, Liberty must publish a story calculated to stir many people into an antagonism against the Japanese nation.—*John Verrall.*

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Somehow a snake will creep into the most beautiful of meadows. How in the world did Without Warning ever get into Liberty?

I doubt if the people of Japan ever harbor any thoughts of attacking the United States; but I could not blame any citizen of Japan for becoming highly insulted at such trashy, slanderous, and insulting words and phrases as are jumbled together to make up Without Warning.—*John Simmons.*

MONTREAL, QUE.—I doubt very much if you will have the gall to print this statement in your asinine Vox Pop.

Why, when the whole world is a seething mass of hate, doubt, and suspicion, have you chosen to print such an inflammatory story as Without Warning?

Do you not realize your responsibility as a national publication? Your magazine has long been respected for its im-

partiality in international politics; but now you start a campaign of sensationalism, calculated, no doubt, to increase the circulation by attracting the tabloid public—that section of the people who feed vicariously on death and violence, and who, by the application of such morbid nonsense as Without Warning, are only too ready to indulge in its aftermath, war.—*William E. Stone.*

PEORIA, ILL.—The story Without Warning, in the past several issues of Liberty, is indeed thrilling. It makes exciting reading, and one cannot doubt but that the heroism displayed by the American sailors and soldiers is stimulating to the morale of our young men.

But as one who was born and raised in Hawaii, as one who, though no Japanese, has had many island-born American-Japanese friends from earliest childhood, I feel that this story does this element a terrible injustice. From my experience with the Japanese in Hawaii I have learned that the paramount thing in the mind of every American-born Japanese in Hawaii is to be as American as possible.—*Aloha.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Your new serial Without Warning is priceless. If the American army in Hawaii is as dumb as the author makes it out to be, then it's time we invited the Japs or somebody else to come over and administer a little common sense.

Do you believe that, with cables cut and radio stations bombed, it would be possible to catch the American air force all on the ground, seemingly sound asleep? As a soldier with service in Hawaii, I know better.

Major George Fielding Eliot is to be congratulated on his knowledge of military science and tactics. Did the major see his service in the Salvation Army or where? It is to laugh!—*Bill Douglas.*

BLACKENING THE SPIDER'S EYE

FORT WORTH, TEX.—The poem The Spider's Eye, in May 2 Liberty, written by J. F. Condon, is the most childish fourteen-year-oldish piece of literature I have ever read. In fact, I could go further and say that a fourteen-year-old could write one more interesting.—*La-Celle White.*

MOTHER'S DAY COMMERCIALIZED

KEENE, N. H.—Mother's Day has grown into such a commercial enterprise

that to many people reference to the day has grown obnoxious. This is borne out by the Vox Popping over the signature of Mother's Day, Inc. (April 18).

It has reached the stage of many other present-day schemes to milk the wage earner of every possible penny. It capitalizes on sentimentality and most revered emotional instincts of the people.

The mother, of course, is not to be scorned and should be regarded as an important part in the picture of life. But certainly not any more than any other individual. The fact that one may be a mother should not, I believe, bear any unusual significance.—*C. C. Buckman.*

THAT RUSSIAN MODEL .32/44 SINGLE-ACTION

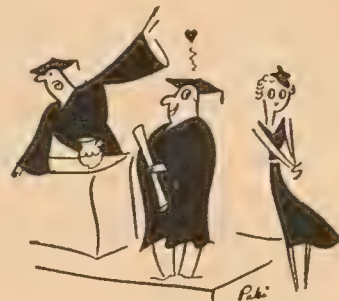
DENVER, COLO.—Now, that party who signed his handle as Martin Pokorne, and states he is an old gunman. Probably he meant a Vox Pop-gunman.

He was putting the gun oil to a party by the name of Phyllis Duganne because said party spoke of a Russian model, caliber .32/44. Well, ask him to inquire of the Smith & Wesson people if they ever made such a gun. Anyhow, I have one with the stamp on it. A nickel-plated, ivory-handled, break-open model with a 7½-inch barrel. It was carried by my father for years in place of a saddle rifle, and it really shoots like a rifle.—*O. H. Pray.*

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Martin Pokorne (April 25 Vox Pop) might be interested in knowing that this firm in 1887 brought out a revolver known as the Russian model .32/44 single-action, commonly referred to as a "breakdown." If Phyllis Duganne doesn't care to make the swap that Martin mentioned, the writer would be very interested in doing so.—*D. B. Wesson, Vice-President, Smith & Wesson, Inc.*

COMMENCE TO REMEMBER PARENTS NOW

MALDEN, MASS.—With college commencements coming so soon, together with their impressive baccalaureate sermons, do you suppose one of those scheduled speakers could be prevailed



upon to speak on Loyalty and Appreciation?

Instead of the usual high-minded talk on "Go out and sell yourself! You can marry the boss's daughter!" and "Step higher than your class!" perhaps that particular speaker could instill a little appreciation in the graduates for the sacrifice their parents have been saps enough to have made for them during the past four years.

Maybe after that he may inspire them with some loyalty to those same parents beyond the stage when they are handed a few offhand thanks for the class ring, yearbook, pictures, and supply of social spending money which every graduate must have in order to pass through commencement week with dignity.—*W. A. H.*

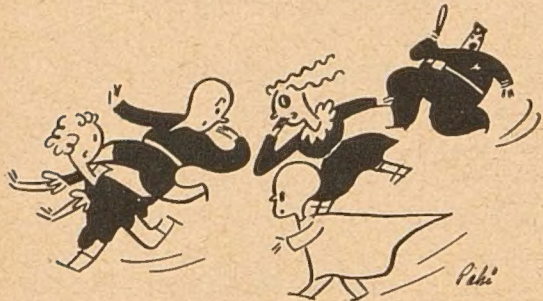
GRAND STORY, GRAND WRITER

WEST HAVEN, CONN.—E. J. Mainille's criticism in May 2 Vox Pop of the story, Rich Man's Son, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is in my opinion an example of the old saying, "Every

knock is a boost." So my personal thanks to E. J. M. for boosting a grand story by a grand writer.—U. S.

WHAT EVER BECAME OF SANDY AND LIL?

ESKDALE, W. VA.—What ever became of Sandy and Lil? Remember, back when Liberty first came out with Sandy, Lil, Gwendolyn, and the other child? Those picture covers were very interesting.



The last I remember of them they were running from the law, I believe. At any rate, they were never completely disposed of, and I imagine that thousands of Liberty readers are as much enthused about their disappearance as I am. But what did become of them?—A. C. Walker.

[The law, as might be surmised, did catch up with them, and when they will be released again would be difficult for us to say. However, since Mr. Walker is "enthused" about their disappearance, he won't worry further.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

PHEASANTS AND CHICKENS DON'T SPEAK SAME LANGUAGE

WAUWATOSA, WIS.—The story The Saga of Ring-neck (May 2 Liberty) was an unusual one, and unusually inaccurate. First, it is hard to conceive a death struggle between a rooster and pheasant cock without the pheasant losing many feathers; and how a man with a "woods-trained eye" could only classify such a feather as that of "a bird" is hard to believe. There is nothing so individual as a ring-neck feather.

Second, pheasants and chickens don't speak the same language. I have seen a cat approach a coop holding a bantam chicken with a brood of young pheasants, and the bantam made a great fuss, and brood pheasants in near-by pens paid no attention. But when, a few seconds later, a catbird began screaming at the cat, every grown pheasant was on the alert.

Third, papa pheasant has no more control over production than does the male of *Homo sapiens*. He will sire as many offspring as mama lays eggs, barring accidents. As a matter of fact, if papa pheasant was killed today, mama would continue to lay fertile eggs for the next two weeks.

Fourth, the proud ring-neck would not condescend to mate with a chicken, particularly as long as a ring-neck hen was available.—M. Q. H.

"WHY DID YOU KILL ME?"

DETROIT LAKES, MINN.—The friend, attorney, or adviser who wrote the letter Why Did You Kill Me? for Richard Bruno Hauptmann did a very poor job of disguise in the wording and phraseology.

How can any one be so dumb as to believe Bruno wrote the letter? If he wrote that, I am the author of Shakespeare's works.—C. A. Baker.

"LET'S TAKE THE MONEY FROM WALL STREET"

ERIE, PA.—All credit to Bernarr Macfadden for his April 25 editorial Let's Take the Money from Wall Street.

I have a flock of relatives, all staunch Communists, but to my mind believing in a very foolish cause. They wouldn't know what to do with the government or its various industries after they had them. Of course I don't believe in letting a few have everything, but the Communistic idea is fantastic.—A. B. M.

ATHOL, S. D.—In April 25 Liberty Mr. Macfadden says in effect that if wealth were redistributed, the common man would soon lose his—that it requires experienced men to run a business successfully. Very well. But that is no reason for letting a few own all and the millions live in want.

I am surprised at Mr. Macfadden. He'd better plan a not too hurried trip through the great Middle West. He would meet many surprises and would understand conditions better.—M. W.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Liberty says it gives both sides of the argument. How can it say that, when it does not publish answers to Mr. Macfadden's editorials? Perhaps you do not consider Mr. Macfadden's editorials worthy of criticism

or able to stand up against criticism.

Well, if that's your reason, I agree with you. The editorials are a very poor quality of hash.—D. R. McCarthy.

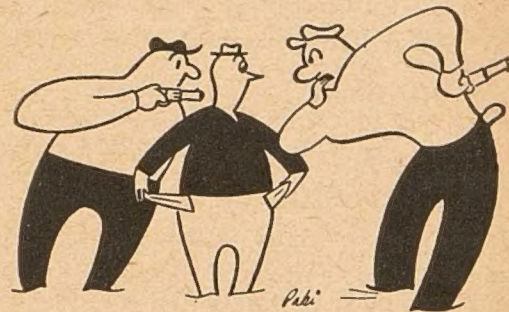
VETS OF FUTURE WARS...ACHE

HENDERSON, MICH.—These Veterans of Future Wars make me ache. Most of them being puling infants at the time of the recent war, they are now so envious or jealous of the real veterans that they are making sport of the service by forming such an organization.

Such actions are a disgrace to American colleges. There should be compulsory military service for these smart alecks. It would take some of the "cuteness" out of them.—A Genuine Veteran.

PLOW UNDER THE OSTRICHES

MEREDITH, N. H.—Is the condition of the taxpayers and future generations



of taxpayers destined to reach the point suggested by a play in the old Boston Theater years ago? For the United States would seem to be drifting into the condition of Harry Bloodgood (Boston's favorite comedian fifty to sixty years ago) and what he said when held up by two highwaymen demanding his money.

He said, "Gentlemen, I haven't got a cent, and if you rob me you will get in debt."

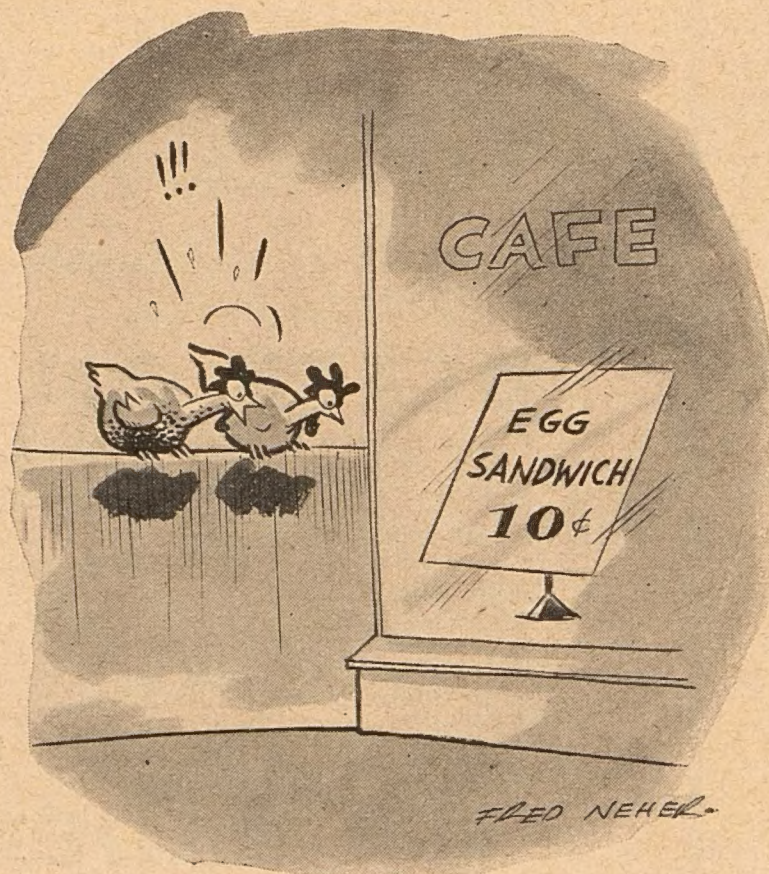
The ostriches will get us there if they are not plowed under this year.—E. Channing Mansfield.

PITCHING BILLIONS

MONACA, PA.—In April 18 Vox Pop, under the caption Dollar-Throwing Champion, Elton M. Hyder comments on Walter Johnson throwing a dollar across the Rappahannock, neglecting to state that George Washington was the first to do it. He further states F. D. Roosevelt is accomplishing the same feat with billions across the Potomac.

Both contemporary gentlemen deserve the greatest credit; for the dollar during George Washington's time would go more than twice as far as it will today.—E. H. Fisher.

CUCAMONGA, CALIF. — When you are looking for the champion dollar thrower, don't forget a man named Hoover, who in one word pitched billions across the Atlantic. That word was moratorium.—W. L. Thomas.



"There y'are—a dime for a whole day's work!"

IT HAPPENED IN...

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Because they missed the extra pair of pants when they stole a suit of clothes, two window smashers are in jail here. Policemen became suspicious when they saw the men loitering about the store and arrested them.

They confessed they had broken a window and stolen the suit, but learned when they arrived at their rooms they had overlooked the extra trousers, as advertised. When they returned to get them, they were caught.

DALLAS, TEX.—Deputy Sheriff Bill Decker asked Police Radio Dispatcher Max Moore to broadcast a message to a sheriff's squad car.

"What squad?" asked Moore.

"Deputy Byran Peck," Decker replied.

"Sorry," said Moore. "He and I aren't speaking."

LANSING, MICH.—An elderly stranger approached the Walter M. Beaubier home here, greeted the excitedly barking Beaubier dog with a command to "get back there," then handed Mrs. Beaubier a card reading, "I am deaf and dumb. Will you please help me?"

She didn't.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—When firemen answered an alarm at a million-dollar theater, the janitor would not let them enter until they had carefully wiped their feet. He explained that he had "just cleaned the carpets."



LUCKY OMENS

To repeat on the appropriate occasion:
"Star bright, star light!

First star I've seen tonight,

I wish, I wish my wish come true,"

and then make your wish, is sure to mean a happy realization.

To see a star fall is an omen of news to surprise you shortly.

—Roy L. McCardell.

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

As ye sow, so-so shall ye reap.

—Secretary Wallace.

C O N T E N T S

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living character, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY CARL PFEUFER

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

DEATH ON THE 8.06

If Philip Wylie had never written a story before, this masterfully spun yarn of unseen murder on a crowded commuting train, and the grotesque complications which follow, would immediately lift him high on your list of favorite authors. If you are longing for a story with a real kick in it—a story that will make you forget your dinner and your date at the movie—here it is! Be sure that you start with the first exciting episode—next week in Liberty.

ALSO—HOW I SHALL BEAT JOE LOUIS WHERE ALL OTHERS FAILED by Max Schmeling—WILL LINDBERGH AND CARREL GROW HUMAN BEINGS IN BOTTLES?—THE GIRL AT THE ORANGE JUICE STAND by Roger Garis—A YOUNG MAN OF GREAT PROMISE by John P. Marquand—WE GROWN QUADRUPLETS SYMPATHIZE WITH THE QUINTUPLETS by the Keys Sisters—and other fact, fiction, and features

NEXT WEEK IN

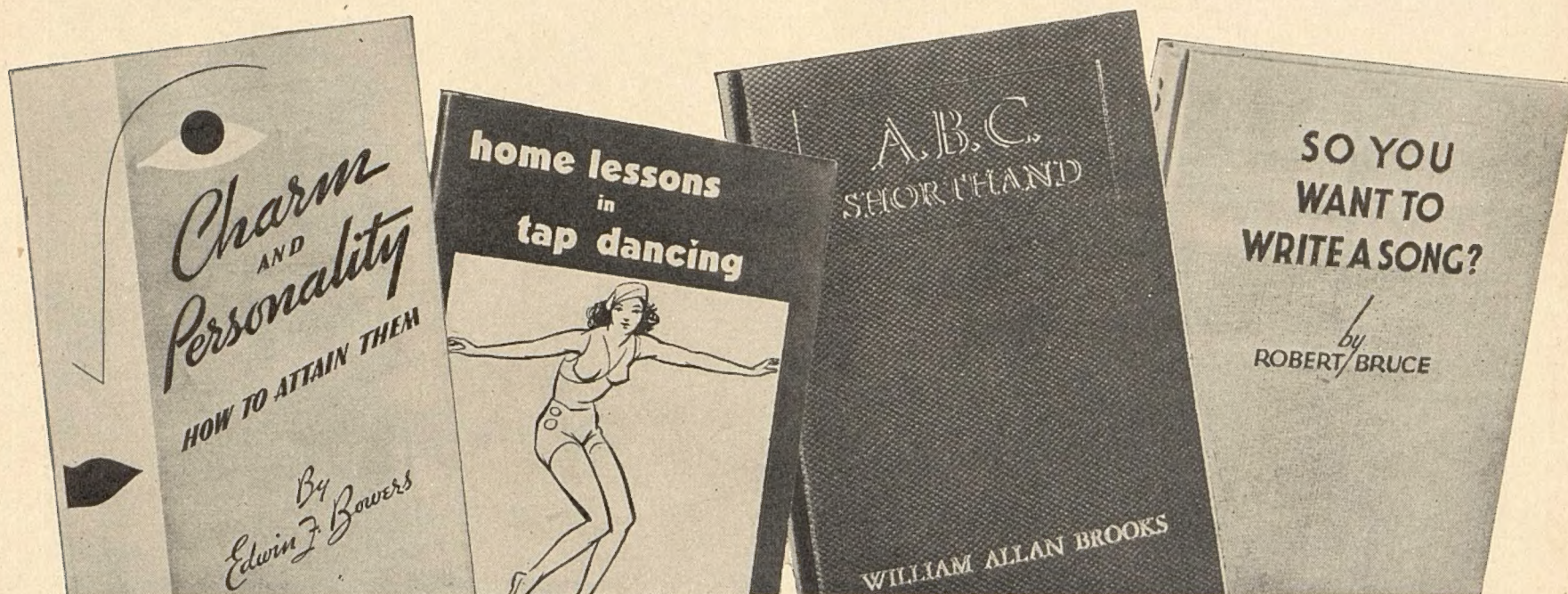
Liberty

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CHARM AND PERSONALITY—How to Attain Them—By Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, acknowledged authority and writer on psychology, psychiatry, medicine, hygiene and other social subjects, tells you how to develop a powerful, charming personality which is one of the greatest assets any human being can possess—even greater than riches, for riches can be lost never to be recovered. Many men and women possessing personal magnetism in marked degree attain riches, happiness, popularity, power—everything worth striving for in this world. It is they who are most apt to make outstanding successes in their chosen fields whatever they may be—the professions, the stage, radio, movies, politics, business, marriage. No matter what your ambition is, a winning personality will help. 229 pages. 15 chapters bursting with valuable information. Beautifully bound, printed on excellent paper, our special price **\$1.00.**

SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG—Essential information regarding the art and business of writing songs by Robert Bruce, Music Publishers Protective Association. The first book of its kind ever written. Indispensable to every person ambitious to be a successful song writer. Contains necessary technical and trade information. Over 1,000 important facts—construction of lyrics and melody—form in which a song should be submitted—how to attract the attention of a publisher—classified lists of publishers' names and addresses—song standards and patterns—song publishing procedure—how the song writer teams up with lyricist and vice versa—royalties—contracts—copyright procedure—beware of song sharks. Cloth bound—**\$1.00.**

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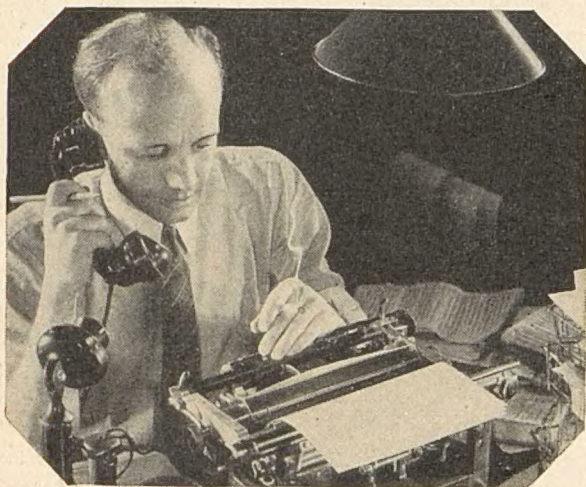
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